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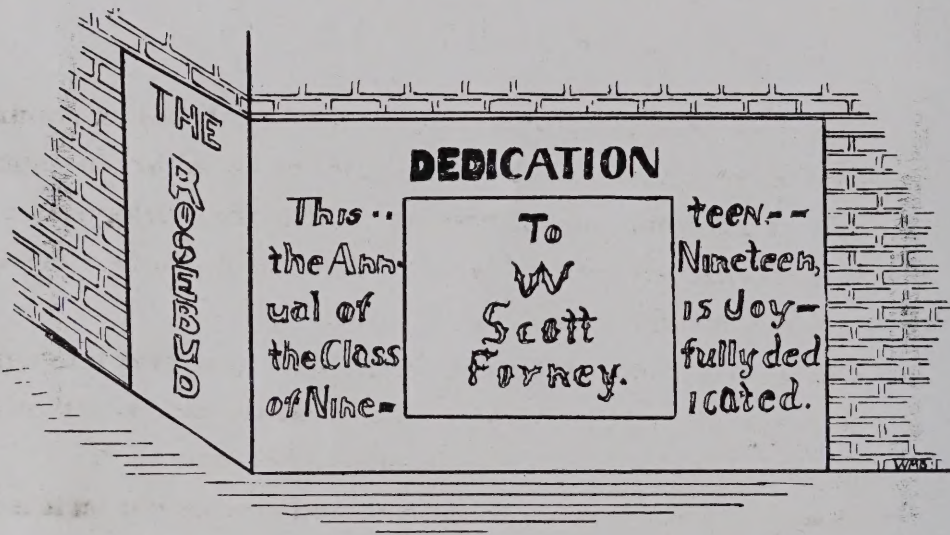
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Age 9yr 2mo. old

THE ROSEBUD

Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen



Being the Eighth Annual published by the
Senior Class of the Waterloo High School.



FOREWORD

It is more or less traditional that there be published an Annual, or record of the school year; however, it is not our object to publish this only as a custom, but to show our readers the development and the progress that has been made; also we wish this to be a memoir of the achievements of the Class of 1919.

Our greatest endeavor has been to publish something interesting and worth while, and we sincerely hope that the old as well as the young will derive from it some pleasure and benefit.

Whether or not it is worth the time and expense put on it is for you, the reader, to judge. And may your judgment be mercifully lenient.

EDITOR.

THE ROSEBUD

The 1919 Rosebud Staff

Worden M. Brandon.....	Editor-in-Chief
LeRoy R. Hamp.....	Business Manager
George W. Speer.....	Advertising Solicitor
Helen J. Eberly.....	Circulating Manager
Genevee J. Oster.....	All Sorts
Kenneth E. George.....	Athletics
Harold E. Strow.....	Calender
Georgia L. Fee.....	Snap Shots
Irene B. McCague.....	Art
Georgia E. Oster.....	Zedalethean Society
Ardis L. Childs	Ciceronian Society
Lauretta D. Gfeller.....	Jokes
Vera M. Heighn.....	Historian
Oliver A. Miser.....	Alumni



W. SCOTT FORNEY
Superintendent



THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE

(By Minnie Reid French)

To-day I found a road that led
 To scenes of long ago,
 A road down which I often sped
 Ere heart and step were slow.
 It led me to the schoolhouse door—
 Unhinged by storm and rain;
 And on its threshold worn I stood,
 A truant lad, again.

The wind in boist'rous mood had flung
 The creaking shutters wide;
 The sunbeams with the shadows gay
 Played hide-and-seek inside.
 The weeks and flowers about the door,
 In summer-time array,
 Peeped in to see why no one called
 The children back from play.

No hum of voices now was heard,
 No sound of stern reproof;
 The birds were flitting in and out
 Beneath the falling roof.
 They seemed to know that school was out
 And never more would "keep;"
 That boys and girls had wandered far—
 The master was asleep.

I wondered, as I stood within
 The silence and the gloom,
 Where they had gone, the merry throng
 That once had filled the room.
 Where were the gifted and the good,
 The dunce, the ne'er-do-well?
 What fortune had the long years brought,
 What changes, who could tell?

And she with whom I first began
 That story, all too brief,
 Which ended, ere we were aware,
 When we had turned the leaf;
 I wondered if, within her grave,
 Were youth and love forgot;
 Of all that we had hoped and dreamed,
 Was there no fleeting thought?

I turned away, and left the place,
 Softly, lest I should break
 The slumbers of those early years,
 Their saddest echoes wake.
 I left it to the birds and flowers,
 The shadows and the sun;
 And to its memories of those
 Whose lessons here are done,



CHARLEY

(With apologies to Whittier)

Charley Price on a September morn,
Opened the school house old and worn.
Beneath this weather worn edifice he worked
Always on the job and duties did never shirk.
He bawled out the boys for throwing chalk and things
But his kindness to many, will in their memory cling.
In athletics and all sports, he sure is some fan,
And if you are in trouble he will help you if he can.
He is hard to corner, but we got him this year
Tho' he is up there, it is not very clear.

His Advice to Grades.

So live, that when thy summons come to join this old school house, which prepares you to take your place at the helm. Thou go, not like some of the H. S. fellows this year and pull up the tennis posts, approach the old monument like one who is not afraid, and walk up the old creaking stairs and into the room, regardless of the cheers and jeers, and start to work with great zeal,



CLARENCE GREEN
Assistant Principal



GOLDIE COIL
Principal



GINEVRA BIXLER
Music and Art



RUTH CHANEY
Domestic Science



MRS. W. H. ETTINGER
Seventh and Eighth



MARTHA WINES
Fifth and Sixth



LOA WINES
Third and Fourth



MABEL DEUBENER
Second



CORDICE HALLETT
Primary

BOARD OF EDUCATION



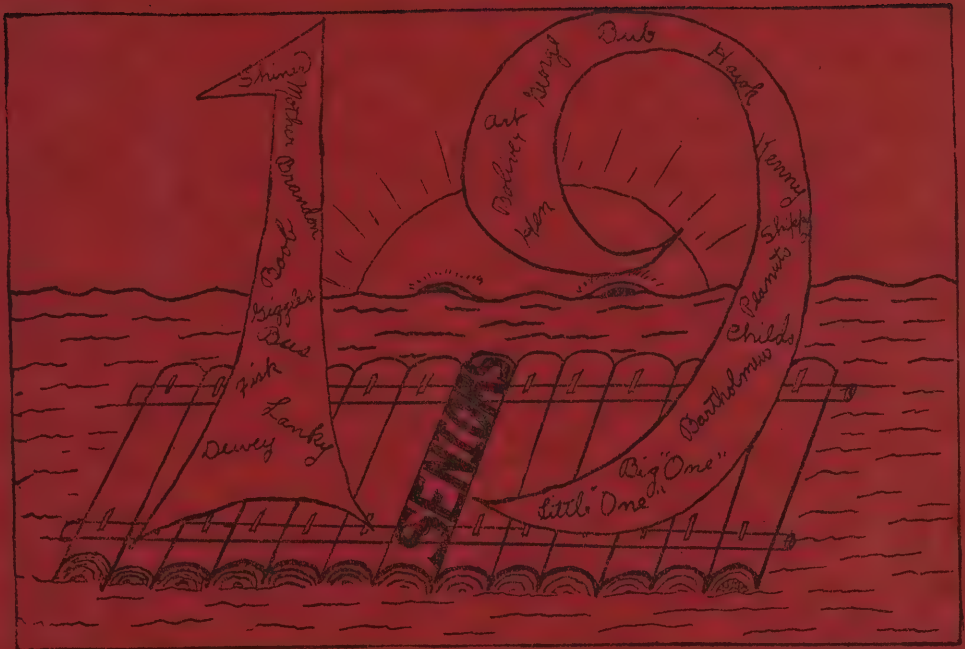
DR. J. E. SHOWALTER
President



HERBERT C. WILLIS
Secretary



DR. W. R. NEWCOMER
Treasurer



SENIOR SECTION

LeRoy R. Hamp.....President
 Oliver A. Miser.....Vice-President
 Vera M. Heighn.....Secretary and Treasurer
 Motto.....UP AND DOING
 Colors....BLACK, SCARLET, GOLD
 FlowersSWEET PEA

Class Yell.

Za Kam, Za Kam, Za Kamity Keen,
 Silence, gangway, —Nineteen.
 Were full of the spizzo, were full of the pep;
 Rah, Rah, Rah, Cascaret.
 Sleep-a, a-chew-a, fight-a-bit,
 Whisper-a, a-laugh-a, craba-bit,
 Were big and fat, were small and lean,
 Doff your hat to nineteen. 1919.
 Lauretta Gfeller
 Dannie Walker
 George E. Speer
 WordeN Brandon
 KenneTh George
 LeRoY Hamp

Georgia Oster
 Clyde HaWk
 Genevee Oster

Helen EBerly
 HarEy Fisk
 Estelle ShIPpy
 Vera HeiGhn
 Russell Hamman
 Devon BarTholmew

ArdiS Childs
 IrenE McCague
 EstoN Fales
 GeorgLa Fee
 HarOld Strow
 ArthuE Haycox
 Oliver MiSer



LEROY R. HAMP

'16, '17, '18, '19.

Toledo, Ohio.

Dec. 19, 1900.

Business Manager of Annual, '19.

President of C. L. S., '19.

Class President, '19.

When to the sessions of sweet silent
thought,

I summon up remembrances of
things past.



WORDEN M. BRANDON,

'16, '17, '18, '19.

Howard Lake, Minnesota.

Aug. 12, 1899.

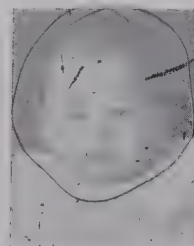
Pres. of Z. L. S., '18.

Editor-in-Chief of Annual, '19.

Forward B. B. Team.

Time doth tranfix, the flourish set on
youth,

Yet time that gave, does now his gift
profound.





LAURETTA D. GFELLER

'16, '17, '18, '19.

Waterloo, Ind.

Jan. 16, 1901.

Zedalethean Society.

A maiden has no tongue
but thought.



VERA M. HEIGHN, '16, '17, '18, '19,

Waterloo, Indiana.

June 21, 1901.

Class Historian, '19.

Secretary of Class, '19.

Ciceronian Society.

Forward Girls B. B. Team, Capt.

What sight can more content one's
mind,

That her beauty seeming.





HELEN J. EBERLY
 '16, '17, '18, '19.
 Waterloo, Indiana.
 Dec. 2, 1900.
 President of Z. L. S. '19.
 Guard Girls' Basketball Team.
 Circulating Manager of Annual.
 None but herself can be paralleled



ARDIS L. CHILDS,
 '16, '19.
 Corunna, Indiana.
 April 10, 1900.
 Ciceronian Society.
 Gentleness in mood,
 Resolute in action.





ESTELLE R. SHIPPY

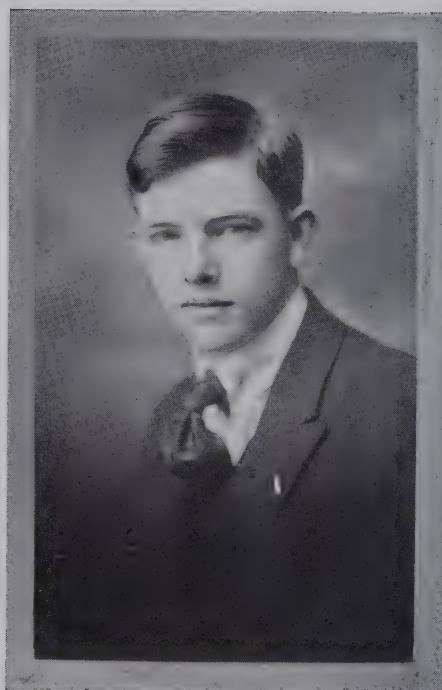
'16, '19.

Corunna, Indiana.

Aug. 4, 1900.

Zedalethean Society.

He from whose lips
Divine persuasion flows.



RUSSELL H. HAMMAN,

'16, '17, '18, '19.

Waterloo, Indiana.

Feb. 26, 1902.

Ciceronian Society.

A country school master was he,
As blith a man as you could see.





HAROLD E. STROW,

'16, '17, '18, '19.
 Waterloo, Indiana.
 October 9, 1902.
 Pres. of Ciceronian Soc., '19.
 Student Manager of Athletic Assn.
 Life is but thought, so think I will,
 That youth and I are house mates
 still.



DEVON B. BARTHOLMEU,

'16, '17, '18, '19.
 Elkhart, Indiana.
 June 20, 1899.
 Ciceronian Society.
 Yell Leader, '19.
 And louder still and still more loud,
 His voice resounds thru all the
 crowd.





OLIVER A. MISER.

'16, '17, '18 '19.

Corunna, Indiana.

April 8, 1900.

Zedalethean Society.

A weighty matter gentlemen,

Not to be tossed aside.



HARRY S. FISK,

'16, '17, '18, '19.

Waterloo, Indiana.

Nov. 9, 1902.

Ciceronian Society.

Substitute Baseball Team, '19.

A good strong body and as sincere,
Happy, but bashful, the girls he
fears.



GEORGIA E. OSTER

'16, '19.
Corunna, Ind.
April 6, 1901.
Zedaethean Society.
Center Girls' Basketball Team.
As full of spirit as the month
of May.

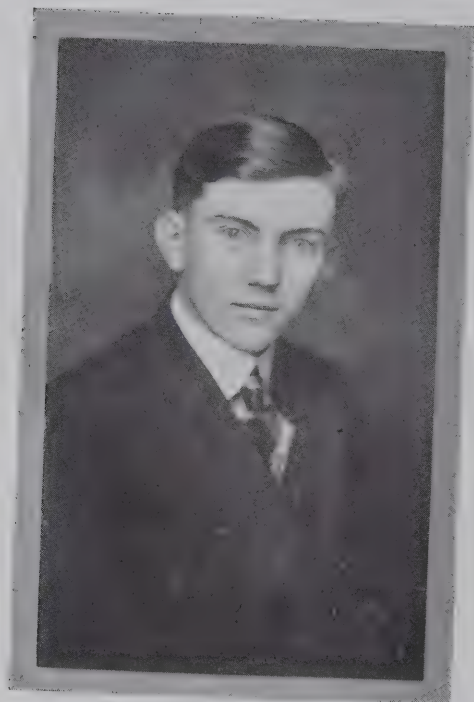


GENEVIEVE J. OSTER

'16, '19.
Wakefield, Kansas.
Jan. 20, 1900.
Zedaethean Society.
Nature made her what she is
And never such another.



THE ROSEBUD



GEORGE W. SPEER,

'16, '17, '18, '19.

Waterloo, Indiana.

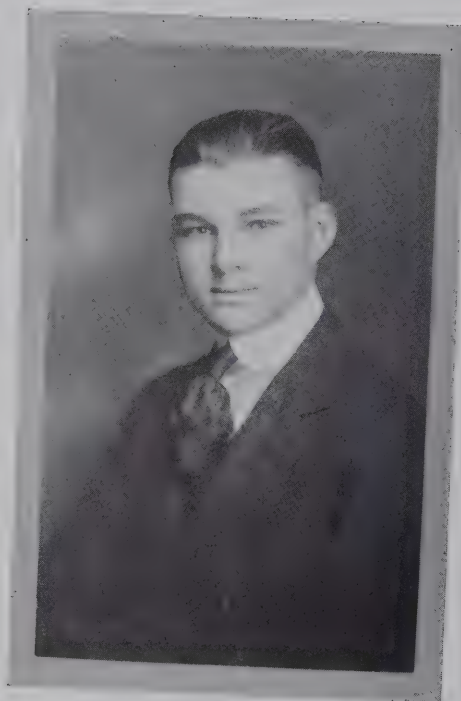
June 17, 1900.

Advertising Solicitor for Annual, '19.

Ciceronian Society.

Until we hardly see,

We feel that it is there.



ESTON D. FALES

'16, '17, '18, '19.

Waterloo, Ind.

Nov. 18, 1899.

Zedalethean Society.

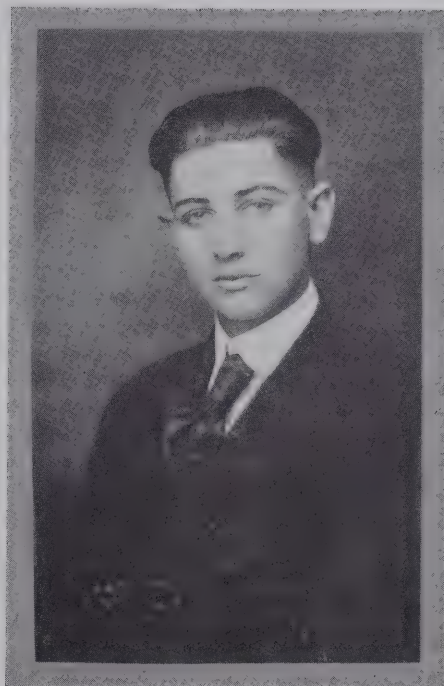
Captain Baseball Team (center), '19.

The game is done—
I've won! I've won!



ARTHUR L. HAYCOX, '19.

Depay, Indiana.
Aug. 22, 1899.
Pres. of Z. L. S., '19.
He had a tongue to persuade,
A hand to contrive.



DANNIE D. WALKER

'16, '17, '18, '19.
Waterloo, Indiana.
Aug. 8, 1899.
Ciceronian Society.
No foundation from its rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so true.





GEORGIA L. FEE

'16, '17, '18, '19.
 Waterloo, Ind.
 June 8, 1900.
 Substitute Girls' Basketball Team.
 Zedalethean Society.
 Earth's noblest thing,
 A perfect woman.



IRENE B. McCAGUE

'16, '17, '18, '19.
 Waterloo, Indiana.
 Sept. 1, 1901.
 Zedalethean Society.
 Move not thy heavy grace,
 Like the waves which move
 toward the pebbled shore.





KENNETH E. GEORGE,

'16, '17, '18, '19.
 Waterloo, Indiana.
 May 25, 1900.
 Sec. of Z. L. S., '19.
 Sub. forward B. B. Team, '19.
 It is not the material,
 But the workman that is wanting.



CLYDE G. HAWK,

'16, '19.
 Ft. Recovery, Ohio.
 Nov. 26, 1899.
 Zedalethean Society.
 An embarrassed look
 Of shy distress.



THE ROSEBUD

SENIOR CLASS POEM

There's a sun in the heavens,
There's a star in the sky;
There's a smile in our faces,
In our hearts there's a sigh.

The time has come for parting
And to the school will say goodby,
Tinged with a note of sadness;
Are the thoughts of days gone by.

But time our childish gift has parted,
And to our sights new visions play;
Of life and our great part before us,
So we must fight and win the day.

We have tread the path of knowledge,
In our struggle for this goal.
We have climbed, tho the rocks were rugged,
Tho some departed from our roll.

And little by little our foundation laid,
With those who climb the ladder round by round
To reach at least those heights of fame,
Where only the faithful few are found.

But in the midst of life's duties,
Our minds will come back to stay,
And linger o'er the scenes of Alma Mater—
Like those who love their yesterday.

ESTELLE R. SHIPPY, '19.

'Tis wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night alone;
A chaperone she'll need till she
Can call some chap-her-own.

* * *

Duncan had a little Ford
As intelligent as it could bees,
Every time he cranked it up
It knew that it was going to Fees',

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

As Freshmen our 1919 class entered Waterloo High School with an enrolment of thirty-six pupils, the largest Freshmen class that ever entered the Waterloo High. Then through the faculty came the inspiration to make our class one of intelligence and dilligence throughout our four years in High School.

Of our thirty-six members there were eighteen boys and eighteen girls. Seven of our class came from Corunna, twelve from Waterloo, and remaining seventeen from the rural district. Just before Christmas one boy felt the call of outside duties and withdrew from the class. A little later a girl was compelled to withdraw on account of her health, leaving us with an enrollment of thirty-four.

At the begining of our Sophomore year there were twenty-eight members, six of our class having gone to Corunna school. One of our class mates who had been on the Mexican border joined us after Christmas making us twenty-nine.

In the Junior year we had seventeen members of our twenty-eight in the Sophomore year, our other eleven departed from us by marriage, other schools, and service to their country.

We are now Seniors, there are 22 of us, six returning from Corunna, seven from the country, and nine from Waterloo.

We have worked for the honors we have gained, but we realize that the laying of the foundation of our life work is as yet incomplete. Yet as we go forth from the protective seclusion of our High School home, each one of us, with our own ideas and ideals, we feel that we have been well paid for the time and energy which we have spent to attain that amount of knowledge which we now possess. Regardless of how high we may climb or how near we may attain our ideals, we shall always look back to the dear old High School days and sincerely regret that necessity demands the breaking up of fond associations. So with sorrow, yet with joy we say "Farewell."

VERA HEIGHN, '19.







JUNIOR CLASS ORGANIZATION

Velma Wertenbarger.....President
 Clyde FalesVice-President
 Helen HawkSecretary-Treasurer
 Leonore ErnhartPoet
 Lois ArthurHistorian

Motto: What we are to be, we are now
 beginning.

ColorsPurple, Gold, Black

FlowersViolets

Class Yell.

One a Zip! Two a Zip! Three a Zip! Bobm!
 1920--Give her room.

Are we in it, well I guess.

Waterloo Juniors are the best.

Clyde Fales	Wilma Clark
Velma Wertenbarger	Ernest Ernhart
Lois Arthur	Helen Hawk
Boss Myers	Ruth Price
Irene Frick	Maudie Brechbill
Van Brechbill	Ruth Benjamin
Celestian Royal	Leonore Ernhart
Alice Sherwood	Blanche Melton
Opal Fritz	Anona Bensing
Francis Goodwin	Helen Delong

JUNIOR CLASS POEM

Jolly Juniors, this a class so fine,
The zealous class of eleven and nine;
This the class who can work and win,
Whose number was large, but now very thin.
For as years pass and classes begin anew,
In our senior year there will be but few.

The first, second and third years' work will soon be done,
But, it seems to us, it has just begun;
We're striving for that goal which we hope to gain
If we don't get there we will be to blame.
We will always look up to our motto, all thru life,
And we'll forge to the front, in the midst of the strife.

We're there with the talent, which must not be neglected,
In Music and Art, which Miss Bixler inspected,
And when it comes to basketball, we're sure some class,
Especially our girl players, who cannot be surpassed.
Some marvelous developments in these lines took place
That's surely been manifested with Junior grace.

So the Junior Class of the Waterloo High
Is going to get there by and by.
We're going to graduate in nine-teen twenty,
Though crowded with work and troubles have plenty.
After one more year on the sea of life we'll sail
With a brave, strong crew that will never fail.

—LEONORE ERNHART, '20.

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

The Junior Class of 1918-19 entered the W. H. S. with an enrollment of twenty-four. During the year two members withdrew from our class. In the fall of 1917 we entered with sixteen Sophomores, fourteen having been with us as Freshmen and two new members. Later in the year another entered our class.

This year we were greeted with fifteen old classmates and five new ones, making an enrollment of twenty: fourteen girls and six boys.

Our classmates are very prominent in all school activities, being represented in both literary societies and in both girls and boys' basketball teams.

We were also represented by a soldier, Clyde Crooks, and a sailor, George Armstrong, in the World War. The rest of us have tried to do our part by studying diligently; and we realize more and more each year our motto, "What we are to be we are now beginning".

LOIS ARTHUR, '20.

MEDITATION

Under a bower of roses, under a shower of shade, under the beauties of nature, resteth a poor old maid. Lonesome she is and she weepeth, tired of life and its joys; only she dreams and sleepeth. It was not always thus, boys. Once she was fair and handsome, now she is withered and old. Once she was loved also; now she is stony and cold.

She was a damsel of sixteen, bright as the stars of night. Center of the girls' basketball team, the little town's bright shining light. Happy was she as a robin, lovers had she by the score. Quarreled, then made up and kissed them, occasions that happened galore.

Now she is old and withered; now her school days are o'er. Now she is no longer sixteen, but aged—they say sixty-four. Gone are the scenes of her school days, gone are her lovers galore; all have been wedded and happy. Oh! she will see them no more.

Girls, if you read this sincerely; I pause to extinguish a tear. Remember the fate of the poor maiden, and hook one when hooking is clear.

THE VILLAGE STUDENT

(With apologies to Longfellow)

Beneath the sheltering Waterloo High,
The grinding student sits
A shark, a steady grind, is he,
Which all save he admit.
And the product of his miniature brain
Is large enough to quit.

His brow is knitted with great cares,
His face is full of sorrow,
His brain is crammed with learnings great;
In tests he likes to borrow,
While with ink stained hands he sits,
Thinking of the morrow.

Day in, day out, from morn, 'til night,
One can hear him bluff the Prof.
And when he's called upon in class
He's sure to hem, and cough,
And those tests stir in his heart with pride
For the A's he gets so oft.

He goes regularly to prayer meeting
And sits among the crowd,
And when the people start to pray
He talks and laughs aloud,
And e'er the meeting is half done
He's among the fairy mists and clouds.

Bluffing, skimming, flunking
Onward thru life he goes,
No morning sees his work begun.
No evening sees it close.
Early to bed (P. M.), late to rise,
To the church he sometimes goes.

Thanks, thanks to thee, thou High School dear,
For the things that have been wrought,
For now the dear old days are o'er;
All the battles fought.
The sturdy student calmy stands,
Behind the new perambulator he has bought.



Sophomores



SOPHOMORE SECTION

Erda Robinson	President
Helen Dannells	Vice-President
Helen Dunn	Secretary-Treasurer
Erma Colby	Poet
Herbert G. Willis	Historian
Motto	Now or never
Colors	Maroon and Gold
Flower	White Rose

Class Yell.

Rickety, rickety, rickety run,
 We're the class of 21.
 Zis! Boom! Zis! Boom! Zis, Boom Bah,
 Sophomores! Sophomores!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Dawson Quaintance	Erda Robinson
Carolyn Opdycke	Helen Dunn
Clark Ayers	Benetah Farrington
Thelma Till	Herbert G. Willis
Erma Colby	Glen Daniels
Hugh Farrington	Robert Bonfiglio
Martha Carper	Orval Fretz
Gerald Fee	John Forney
Ralph Ayers	Lucile Whaling
Fredrice Frick	Russell Luce
	Helen Dannells

SOPHOMORE CLASS POEM

Give three cheers for the class of '21,
Twenty-one girls and boys,
They say were the best class under the sun,
And we never, the slightest noise.

We're a bunch of busy students
Who are toiling day by day,
When our Sophomore year is completed,
We'll go happy on our way.

Thru it all there is no balking,
All we do is gladly done,
And to us is given the honor
When the victory is won.

Our high school work is just half finished,
But to us it seems it has just begun,
And we'll bring home all our laurels
When our four years' work is done.

The Sophomore Class of the Waterloo High
Will go over the top by and by.
We're going to graduate in twenty-one
With all our goods all home-spun.

ERMA COLBY, '21.

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

On September 10, 1917, twenty-four very bright looking youngsters entered the W. H. S. assembly room and looked around, quite frightened until they saw the directions on the blackboard, "All green worms crawl this way," when they recovered from their fright and "crawled" towards the west side of the room, where they settled themselves and felt quite at home. Thirteen of these claimed to be graduates of the Waterloo grammar school, and the other eleven hailed from the country in the vicinity of Waterloo.

At the end of the first week, one of the members was forced to discontinue his school work on account of illness. This left us with an enrollment of twenty-three, twelve boys and eleven girls. This bunch was not nearly so green as most freshies are, but rather seemed to be quite brilliant. They soon became very popular among the upper classmen. Two of the number were elected officers in the two literary societies for the first semester, (sergeant-at-arms). They were also represented on the girls' basketball team.

Again we are attracted by these prominent young people. Sophomores now, twenty, even. They went "right to work very hard," at the first of the year. Before long they were joined by two new students from out of town, Carol Opdycke and Ralph Duesler, the latter who left after a couple of weeks. We now have an enrollment of twenty-two, which we have retained up to the end of the year. This year we are represented in both the girls and boys' basketball teams. Now we are all wondering what another year will bring forth from these enterprising young men and women.

HERBERT G. WILLIS, '21.

ANTI-SUFFRAGIST ADDRESS

Four scores of years ago our fathers lived upon this continent contented with their lot and dedicated to the proposition that women are the grandest of all societies. Now we are engaged in a great struggle, testing whether our stomachs and our lives can long endure. We are to meet the great foe upon the battlefield of life. We have come to reason that Woman Suffrage must to its final resting place, like those who gave up their lives, eating the cookery of today. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should rise up against the evil. But in a broader sense we must not only rise, we must not only remonstrate; we must demolish the terror. The brave men, living and dead, who ate the soggy and rocky biscuits have deserved the pity we have given them. Man and his kind will care but little for the woman unless they shove before him a meal like mother used to make. It is for us, the living, to be dedicated to the responsible position of protecting the lives of our fellow men, for from these sickly ones we have learned a lesson and from the memory of these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause of No Suffrage for Women. We here now highly resolve that these dead shall have not died in vain, that this nation shall have, for every man, three good square meals a day; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not be jeopardized by the greatest evil on earth.

ESSAY—THE STRONGER SEX

Involving the question of social development and their various phases of the pastoral development of the protozoa, ambiguous man, who thrives in all climes.

In man's earlier state of existence he was far from perfectionistic; in fact, he was inclined to be perfluent, but as he thought himself plenipotentiary, retropulsion was absolutely impossible. Most of his time was spent in rapidophyllum, in other words, loafing, and from this defect his hydrencephalocele was permitted to decay. His only vocation was that of a javelineer. Later became interested in Stereochemistry, Genethliology, Geohydrology, Ostrometeorology, etc. His only assumption was that of his associationistic dioptry and learning how to make hair tonic.

From this astrologic peruse, man has deduced this invariable rule: In the darker stages of the lunar body, never visit a tonsorial palace. Also proportionately convergent to this absoluble theory, that two genetra of this inglorious human race should, except in the light of the moon, engage in any perfunctory barter thru osculation of the palatinous secretions of the salivary glands. Nor at any time to engage in osteopathic operations upon each other convulsing physiognomy, by the suffusion of their molar curtains; in other words, chew a girl's neck. A great sufficiency of this winsome delectable, yet delusive, function of osculation.

Man is characterized mainly by the power of vocal dillusion. He may also be recognized from other vertebral bipeds by his clothing, speech and walk. Their raiments or vestments are constructed of various substances, such as cotton, woolen and laces. The acute observation of this natural phenomenon by the aforesaid male of this species has been a current topic of latter-day discourse. Man is of a nomadic nature. Another strange aspect of this uncouth hypothetic race of octapenial bipeds is the tendency of many to roam in search of ideal types of this so-called weaker sex.

Man's temperament is governed according to the phases of the moon; that is to say, light or dark, or when the moon is out, man is out, and usually finds the object of his search in some sequestered nook. Man is of a partial, yea, I may say, a selfish nature, and is averse to all participation in the friendship of his fellow creatures. Having thus voluptuously discoursed upon the trend of man's desires according to the nature of the animal, we will now gaze upon the secondary part of man's pursuit in the cycle of events. Let our subconscious minds see the great visionary bubble of life as depicted unto his depleted gaze. The bubbles, a shimmering of gold and silver, whose effervescence showers a mist like stream of fluttering greenbacks into his outstretched hands.



FRESHIES



His first trial.

freshmen section

clifford duncan.....president
hazel wertenbarger.....vice-president
wayne goodwin.....secretary and treasurer
vera barr.....historian
mary speerpoet
mottopull together
colors.....green and cream
flower.....lilly of the valley

Class Yell.

hooli-ja-lick, hooli-ja-lack
skin-em-arick, skim-emarack,
boom bah tipity flop,
1922 always on top.

blanch bainbridge	ethel benjamin
vera barr	mamie colby
flora dixon	clifford duncan
david eberly	kenneth fee
nileen fisher	genevieve gloy
wayne goodwin	clarence gfeller
myrtle hamman	mable hamman
howard hamman	waldo hamman
carlton miser	jack parks
sylvester reinig	mary speer
ruby shultz	bessie till
irene widdicombe	harold walker
hazel wertenbarger	archie haycox

freshmen class poem

we have taken our turn to duty,
 we are gathering in the grain;
 and will build our vessel mighty
 to withstand the sturdy strain.

through youths long, long years we have toiled,
 though to us a century seems,
 thinking of all life's carmels
 and yet 'twas not a dream.

the grain is all the knowledge
 that you or i can claim,
 found in the halls of this old building
 and our professor fame.

our vessel is our foundation
 little by little we build
 with latins dumfounded translations,
 minus the all that we failed.

the strain is life's hard battle
 whether in work or in play;
 we have decided to do our best
 and that will win the day

mary speer, '22

freshman class history

we the class of 1922 started our high school career in the whs on september 1918. we had an enrolment of twenty-seven, but two have discontinued their high school work. twelve were graduates of the waterloo grammar school and the rest are from the country.

we take an active part in the high school entertainments and do our best to help the w. h. s. we are represented in the w. h. s. quartet and in the girls b. b. team.

we are all trying our best to make our high school life a success and hope that some day we may be able to take the seniors' places.

vera barr, '22

MILITARY



Those Who Entered the Service

Clarence Mills
 Clarence Bookmiller
 Russell Wittmer
 Harry Girardot
 Ralph Browns
 Harold Fretz
 Elmer Fretz
 Hubert Fee
 Clyde Crooks
 Howard Dilgard

Major A. L. Moudy
 Agnes Leas Strong
 Miss Flora Saxon
 Marion Jackman
 Harley Rohm
 James Boozer
 Ralph Boozer
 Edward Hanky
 Harry Rude
 Albert G. Stanley
 Clarence Robinson
 Lawrence Robinson
 Glen Myers
 Ivan Ingersoll
 Fred R. Bowman
 Waldo Bowman
 Wilbur Bowman
 Joe Bowman
 Simon Kohl
 Robert Widdicombe
 Charles Colby
 William Day
 Lester Lowman
 Frank Forrest
 Clarence Bowers
 Joe Miser
 Lynn Imhoff
 Charles Till
 Virgil Johnson
 Joe Kirkpatrick
 Ralph Rinehart
 Russel Matson
 Lewis Fretz
 Charles Smith
 Almond McBride
 LeRoy Rohm
 Russel Robinson
 Wm. H. Willis

LITERARY SOCIETIES



ZEDALETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The high standard always held by the Zedaletheans has been maintained this year, regardless of the talent that we had to pick from. The members have not been backward in taking an active part in the programs, and thru this co-operation with their presidents, the society has not gone below expectations.

The Society held a meeting in the early part of the year and the following officers were elected for the first semester: Helen Eberly, President; Kenneth George, Secretary and Treasurer.

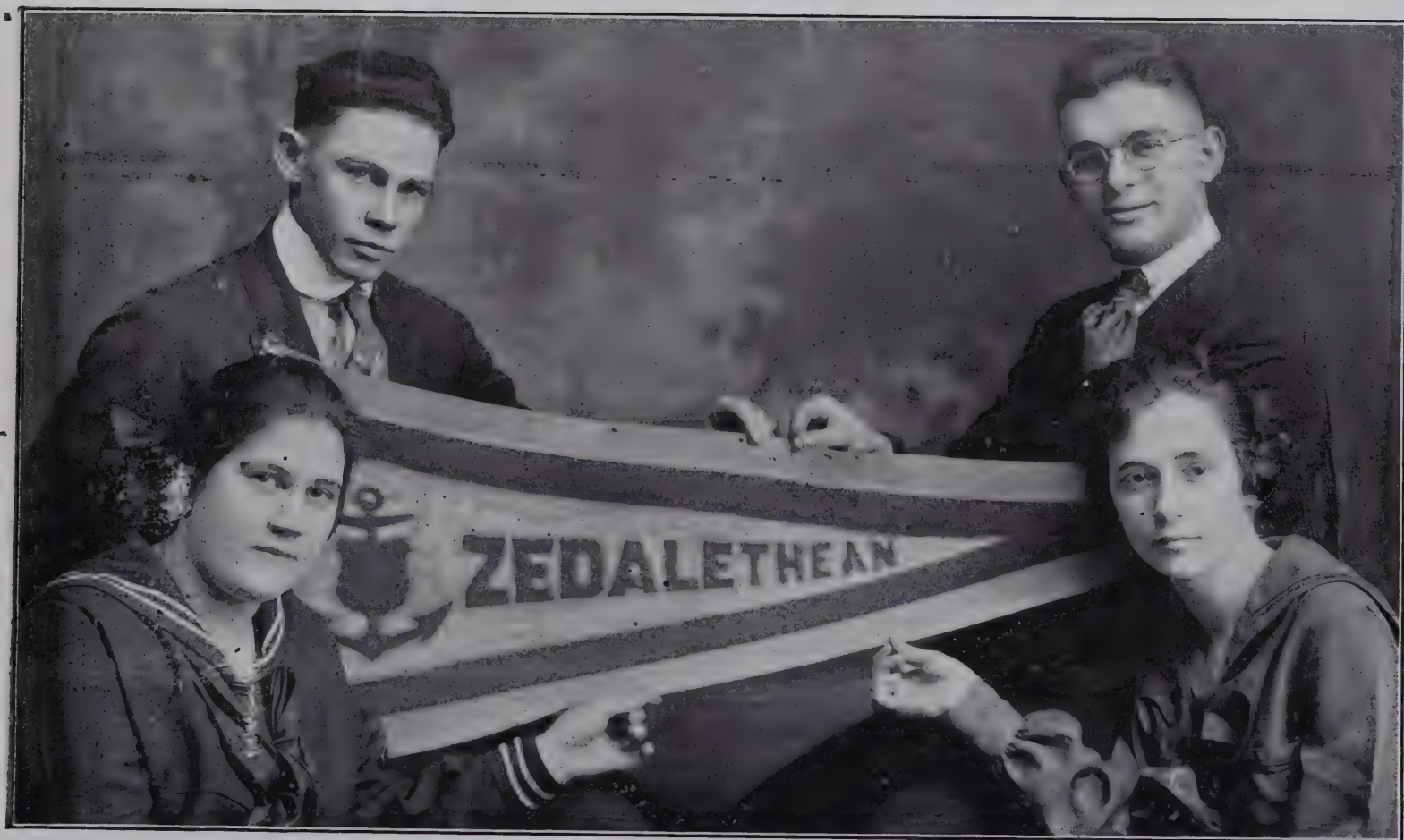
At the end of the first semester the following officers were elected: Arthur Haycox, President; Opal Fretz, Secretary and Treasurer.

Georgia Oster, '19.

INAUGURAL ADDRESSES

Zedaletheans, Faculty and Friends:

I wish to thank the Zedaletheans for this office. It is an honor which I ap-



preciate, also a responsibility. But I want every member of the society to feel quite as responsible for these programs as the officers have to. For the officers cannot put on a successful program without the undivided support of the entire society. It is the individual member who makes or runs a program. We have a double responsibility this year, inasmuch as we have so many new students and almost an entirely new faculty and it will be our duty to show them what a high standard our society has made and been able to maintain throughout all these years.

Consequently we must work together systematically and to some purpose. That purpose being to make a better society and thus better ourselves. Thank you

HELEN EBERLY, '19.

Friends, Faculty and fellow Zedaletheans:

I take this opportunity to heartily thank you for this office. While I sincerely feel that in our society there are others more competent than I to fill this place. Yet had I been present at the time of my election I would have protested, even though my motto is: "Never refuse to do anything that is right and within my power."

To be the president of a high school literary society is an honor to any student for two reasons: First, it shows to you and the world that you are held in esteem by your school mates; Second, it is the head of the department in our schools where the student develops and shows his own personality.

These programs are not second-handed, no one ever before tried these experiments. They are new and best of all they are original. No text book is to be followed and even though the teachers do shine through these programs, they are not directly connected with it.

I said it was an honor for any student to be president of the society. For me it seems to be a greater honor than to most students, for I have not been with you long and am little known among you. But in giving me this office, you prove to me that you have caught, what I intended you should, namely, that I am not here to degrade your school and to be a slacker, but to make your school my school and help make the society what you and I would have it, the best possible.

I assure you that I fully appreciate this act of yours and shall execute the duties of this office with the best of my knowledge and ability.

I thank you,

ARTHUR HAYCOX, '19.

CICERONIAN SOCIETY

The Ciceronian Society has been unable to give the usual number of programs this year, but those that have been given are of the same high standard of other years. It is the purpose of the society to teach the student to feel at ease before an audience, and the programs of this year show this purpose to be well carried out.



The officers for this year were: First Semester, LeRoy Hamp, President; John Forney, Secretary and Treasurer; Second Semester, Harold Strow, President; Lois Arthur, Secretary and Treasurer.

ARDIS CHILDS, '19.

INAUGURAL ADDRESSES

Members of the Ciceronian Literary Society Faculty and Friends:

It is marked pleasure, that I take upon me the duties and responsibilities of this office, and thank you for the honor bestowed upon me.

President Wilson says: "Patriotism is not only doing your duty but loving your duty as well. I think it is altogether fitting that we apply this to our society work; and with this spirit I am sure our society work shall be satisfactory and successful.

I thank you,

HAROLD STROW, '19.

Fellow Ciceronians, Members of the Faculty, Schoolmates and Friends

As I enter the presidential chair of the society, I wish to express my sincere appreciation of the trust you have shown in appointing me to this office.

Every Ciceronian has a duty and is fully aware of the nature of that duty, so it is unnecessary for me to ask for your hearty co-operation.

Let us then, fellow members, work to this end, to make this one of the best semesters work and uphold the standard of the grand old Ciceronian banner.

I thank you,

LEROY HAMP, '19.

THE ROSEBUD

COURSE OF STUDY

Freshman	Sophomore	Junior	Senior
Classics, Composition and Rhetoric	Classics, Composition and Rhetoric	Classics and American Literature	Classics and English Literature
Algebra	Algebra $\frac{1}{2}$ Year P. Geom. $\frac{1}{2}$ Year	P. Geom. $\frac{1}{2}$ Year S. Geom. $\frac{1}{2}$ Year	Com. Law $\frac{1}{2}$ Year Com. Arith. $\frac{1}{2}$ Year
Latin	Caesar	Cicero	Physics
Agriculture or Domestic Science	Ancient History	Mediaeval and Modern History	Am. History $\frac{1}{2}$ Year Civics $\frac{1}{2}$ Year
Manual Training		Phys. Geog. $\frac{1}{2}$ Year Com. Geog. $\frac{1}{2}$ Year Domestic Science	

Music and Art all four years.

Literary work during all four years.

In the Junior year any two subjects may be elected from the following list: Cicero, history, geography and domestic science. In the second semester, commercial arithmetic may be substituted for solid geometry.

A few necessary changes were made in our course this year, but in each of them the state requirements were kept in mind so that it still meets all the requirements of a commissioned high school. Botany and bookkeeping were not offered because of the great difficulty to secure a competent teacher to teach these subjects. Inasmuch as we are interested in the changes which the great war will make in world commerce and in the increasing importance of the Americas in world commerce, we deemed it advisable during the second semester to substitute commercial geography for physical geography. The information obtained from such a course is valuable to any citizen who is interested in the welfare of his country. Especially is it a great help to those students who in a very short time will become teachers of geography.

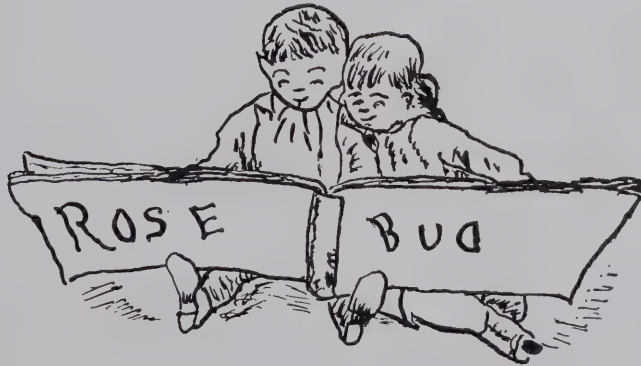
Owing to the fact that in the world conflict great principles of government were in the balance and owing to the rapid pace at which history was being made, special emphasis was placed upon all work in history, especially in the classes in mediaeval, modern and American history and civics. In all history classes the students were frequently asked for reports on vital topics. Many important questions were debated in class work, which, besides being very instructive, was good drill in oral composition. These reports and debates necessitated the constant use of many reference works which made the student feel that he was studying history and not some text book. A constant effort was made to give a sense of reality to the happenings of the past. Therefore, much time was spent in developing outline maps and in making maps, which, when completed, show the physical setting, political relations and the economic conditions of the different peoples during the most important periods of history. Note books were

kept which contained special reports and the regular reports on all collateral reading. Such study enables the student to picture more vividly the meaning of the great war and also enables him to judge more wisely as to what the future relations of nations should be in order that world peace might be realized. It is the very best training for citizenship.

No special mention need be made of any of the other subjects except music, art and domestic science, which discussions follow this general discussion. We have striven to do standard work in all subjects. I hope that we have fallen short in none. One important subject which does not appear in our course as given above, but one which runs through it from the beginning to the end, is AMERICANISM. In English, in history, in science, in language, in mathematics, in everything we taught, we taught AMERICANISM. I am proud to say that our students learned it well.

In conclusion I wish to say that when the supply of teachers is normal again, those subjects, such as botany and bookkeeping, which were stricken from the course this year, will be replaced as soon as a call is made for them and I am sure that a call will come. I feel that this can be done next year.

W. SCOTT FORNEY.





MUSIC

There is great appreciation of music in the Waterloo schools. Many of the high school students have unusual talent in this art.

A period of forty minutes each week is devoted to the chorus class. This chorus is composed of the best singers in the high school. The entire high school sings during opening exercises.

The freshmen are given work in History and Elements of Music. This work is designed to form a foundation for more advanced work. We have a high school mixed quartette which has proved very helpful at all programs.

In December an operetta entitled, "Love Pirates of Hawaii" was given by the high school chorus. This performance proved a real success. A second operetta of a more difficult nature, entitled "The Gypsy Rover," was given in April. This proves what good work may be done by high school students.

MISS GINEVRA BIXLER.



ART

Art has had a very prominent place this year in the regular school work. Very great interests have been shown, such that a number of students are taking art as a regular subject.

Of special interest is the class in oil colors. Many nice pictures have been made, some that show extra talent for high school students. The Seniors compose this class.

The Juniors have worked no less industrious with their Pastellas. This class has shown what can be done, by careful work and thought.

Freshmen and Sophomore classes have done partially elementary work, also some pictures have been made; if not of such an advanced type. Their work being entirely in water colors. Besides their painting, they have made a study of some of the great masterpieces, hoping by this to develop greater appreciation. A pen and ink class is offered to those boys who wish to take it.

It is the aim of the school to have an exhibit this spring of the work done. We hope that the paintings here shown will help to strengthen the value of Art in the mind of the parents, and at the same time cause him to be more proud of his school.

MISS GINEVRA BIXLER.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

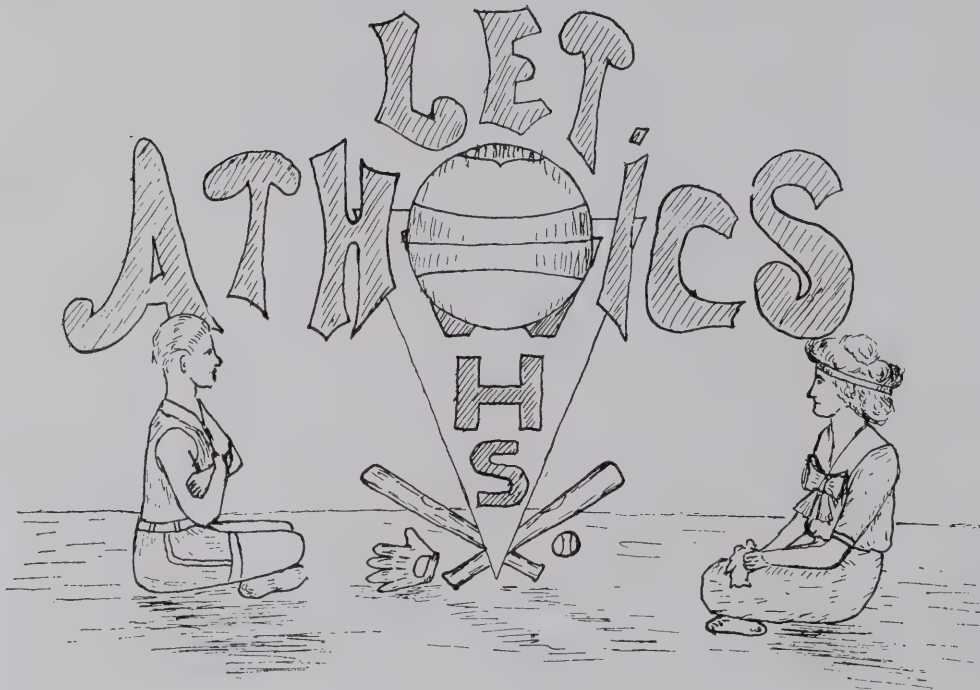
Domestic Science is one of the few lines of work which did not suffer on account of the war. In fact just the opposite has been the cause. It has been raised to a higher plane than it ever had occupied before the war. The value of the work done by domestic science leaders throughout the country in the past two years has been fully recognized by the public.

During the first three months of the school year, conservation and economy were studied from every angle by every class. While the closing of the war has to a certain extent decreased the necessity of conservation, yet there is still a great need of economy and this problem has been studied by the various classes.

In general the work in this department has ranged from the study of the simple food principles as applied to modern cookery to the study and preparation of well balanced, economical and attractive menus for the three meals of the day.

Correlative to the study of cookery was the study of home management, home care of the sick and first aid and house planning. Much time was spent to, in the study of domestic art. The work in this department ranged from the very rudiments, learned by the younger girls to the work done by the advanced classes, which was planning and making of garments, simple and difficult. Correlative to this work laundering and textile study.

MISS RUTH CHANEY



The work in athletics has been very successful this year as the result of the games show. In order to deal justly to both we must speak of them as one. The athletics as a whole is one of the essential parts of the school. The athletic field not only gives pleasure, but back of that is the greater development of the physical basis of the student. Not only must a student develop his mind, but he must develop his body as well.

The athletic field used to be looked upon, not many years ago as a non-essential feature of the school, but as time changes so does the old ideas change. This has been shown this year, from the fact that more enthusiasm and more attention was given to the basketball games than ever before shown in the history of the high school. We as a school are very grateful for it. Also we wish to extend our kindest regards for the use of the hall.

KENNETH GEORGE, '19.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

While the boys have done credit to the high school athletics the school was represented again this year by a very strong girls' team, and no doubt the strongest ever representing the W. H. S.

At the first of the year things looked doubtful, even with three old players. Oster came out for center, and Ernhart for guard, but what troubled us most was who could fill the place of back forward. A young freshie came out to



Georgia Fee

Helen Eberly

Lenore Ernhart

Thelma Till

Vera Heighn

Georgia Oster

Mabel Hamman

Ruth Price

practice and made good at the vacant position, and proved to be a very fast player.

With Eberly and Ernhart working at guard, Oster and Till at center, Hamman and Heighn at forward, the team was a whirlwind. Fee showed up good at side center, subbing for Till, and Price proved to be an all around player by playing either guard forward with equal speed.

The girls when given an opportunity redeemed the games lost earlier in the season and took some fresh scalps. The game played at Auburn was probably the greatest joy-germ of the season. Oh, Boy! They sure did lead those lassies a merry chase even though working under the handicap of a close referee using the new rules. Tears of joy and tears of sadness were both in evidence on that night, for the loss of two games to Waterloo was more than they could swallow and they did not try to conceal the fact.

It is not necessary to mention the other games, as they were won with the ordinarily hard work of the team.

Shiner.

Front forward and Capt., she's always there;
And has her guard going up in the air.

Hamman.

She is but a freshman, but, oh, what a thrower,
When someone is needed to pile up the score.

Hen.

Our right back guard is hard to beat,
She rattles her forward and is fast on her feet.

Nora.

Our Junior guard, she sure has class,
She uses speed when she makes a pass.

George.

Oster, our center, she sure is great,
She helps us figure our rivals' fate.

Sall.

She is small, but, oh, my! that side center Till,
At team she is skillful and works with a will.

Fee and Price.

If someone is injured we know in a thrice,
We have two good subs, Fee and Price.

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Date	W.H.S. Score		Place Played	Opponents	Score	
	Boys	Girls			Boys	Girls
Noy. 15	22	*	Waterloo	Salem Center	9	*
Nov. 22	50	*	St. Joe	St. Joe	29	*
Nov. 29	19	1	Ligonier	Ligonier	39	12
Dec. 6	29	2	Butler	Butler	23	11
Dec. 13	10	†9	Waterloo	Auburn	25	12†
Dec. 20	18	*	Waterloo	Hudson	20	*
Jan. 3	37	*	Waterloo	St. Joe	8	*
Jan. 10	43	*	Waterloo	Fremont	10	*
Jan. 17	25	11	Auburn	Auburn	24	9
Jan. 22	88	10	Waterloo	Butler	18	3
Jan. 31	40	*	Waterloo	Pleasant Lake....	10	*
Feb. 7	24	9	Waterloo	Ligonier	12	8
Feb. 14	14	14	Kendallville	Kendallville	57	15
Feb. 22	14	33	Waterloo	Angola	27	3§
Feb. 25	14	*	Angola	Angola	30	*
			Tournament.			
Mar. 7	37	..		Fremont	19	..
Mar. 8 am	24	..		Ashley	7	..
Mar. 8 pm	14	..		Angola	34	..

*No girls' game. †Overtime game. §W. H. S. Alumni.

REVIEW OF THE BASKETBALL SEASON

The season was started just as soon as we were permitted to be in the town hall and the training began. Having no coach we started out under the directorship of our captain. After practicing three times we were informed that Salem Center wanted a game. With the line-up of Ernhart and C. Fales playing guard, Brandon and George playing forward and E. Fales jumping center, we came to the conclusion that we were as good as they were, if they had played, in the tournament at Angola early in the fall.

Say now, we sure did surprise ourselves some, and also the fans, by coping that first game. Took it easy, too. I guess we surprised them, too, by running up the score of 22-9.

The next team we took on was St. Joe. We took this game easy also, and added another scalp to our belt. The return game we played was just as easily won as the first. They had improved some and played a good defensive game. We held them down to 8 points while we ran up our score to 38.

After practicing another week, we took a trip to Ligonier. We thought that we had a good show with them, and we did, in the first half of the game, but when our center got hurt, they drew away from us and at the end of the

game the score stood 38-19. We went home the next morning at the early hour of 4 o'clock with the idea in our minds that we could beat them, and we did, too, in the return game.

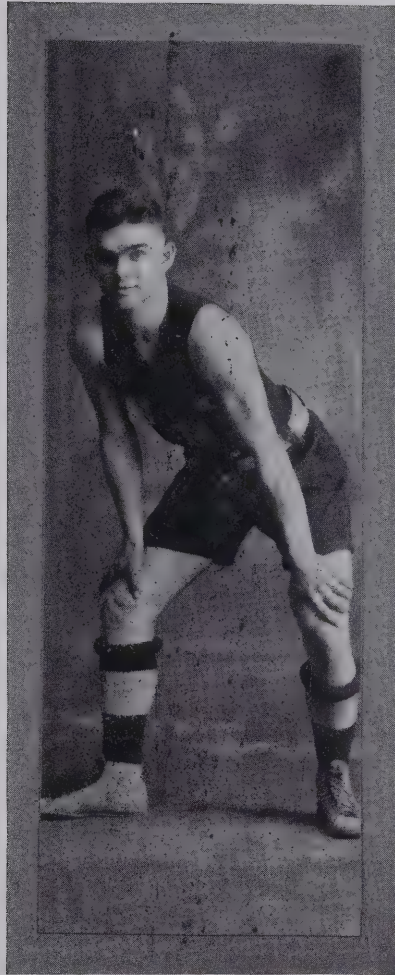
The following week we went over to Butler and came home with our knapsack full. A rotten deal was given us in the first half, but we were fortunate to have a referee along with us and who gave both sides a square deal. We beat them again on the return game here. I may say here, in this game, more points were stacked up against our opponent than in any game previously played on our floor.

Auburn came over the next Friday night and won from us the same as usual, but we made up our minds that we were going to beat them the next game or it would be quits.

Playing several more games and getting in good trim to defeat our old adversaries, Auburn, who had been likewise getting ready for a fast game, having their men run around the Court Square every evening of the week previous to the game, while we rested, that week.

Happiness filled the air that night, and we were all feeling fine, full of the pep, as we could stick. They thought they would tire us out by not starting the game till late, but we rested also and kept ourselves quiet. Putting up the bluff game that they were waiting for the referee, who was to come from Pleasant Lake, the game was held off till about nine-thirty. As the referee didn't arrive (as we had expected), the only thing that could be done was to let Auburn's coach referee. Well, to look back now to that refereeing you couldn't call it such. It was just like playing six men, but nevertheless we had them going some all the time. The crowd looked pretty sick at the end of the first half, from the fact that we were several points to the good of them and that they hadn't swallowed the other defeat, in the girls' game. The second half proved to be as fast as the first and Auburn began to get worried and thinking that they could pull one of their freak stunts by putting in a fresh man. When they called time out, there was just seven more minutes to play. Their fresh man proved to be a little help to them, but they put him in too late. The whistle blew and the score stood 24-25 in our favor. Man! Oh, Man! you never saw a sicker bunch before in your life. Sick was no name for it. Just to think that we had beaten them on their own floor, and both games at that.

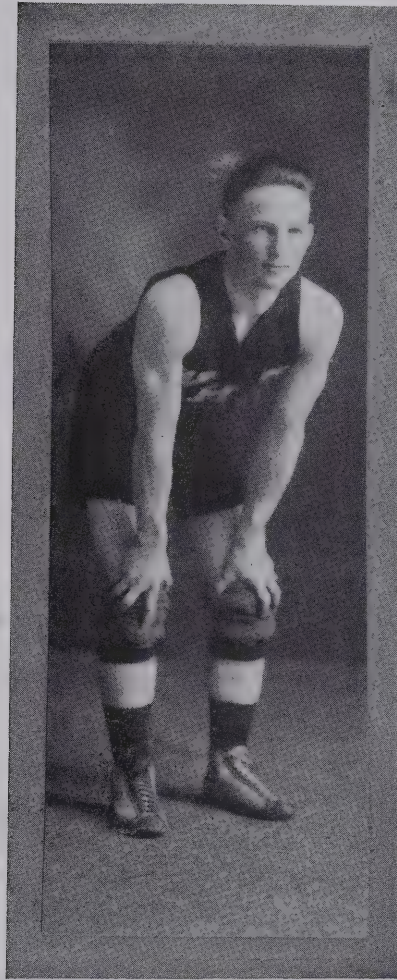
We played numerous games after this which were lost and won with the spirit of the athletic style. As we have mentioned the main games, we do not think it necessary to go into detail about the rest of them as you can find the scores given on the schedule.



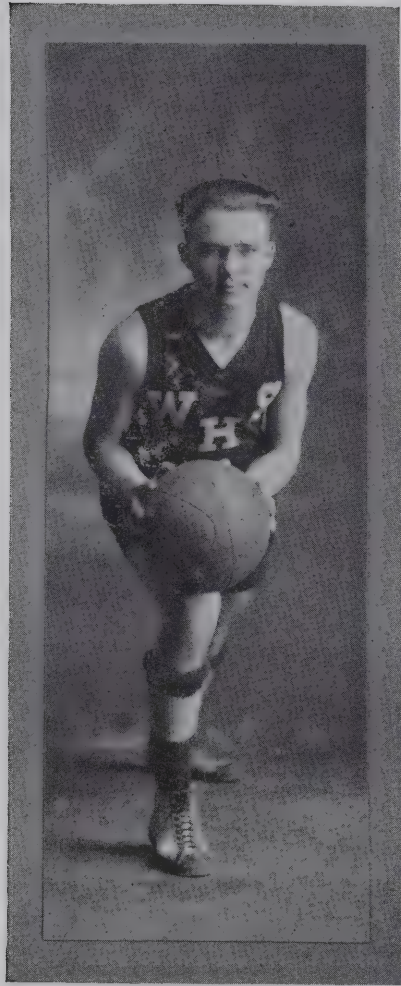
Kenneth George. Kenny, known for a certain characteristic, but notwithstanding is pretty fast on his feet. He also was a pretty fair basket shooter, but on account of this characteristic lost his position early in the season. He worked hard and put in his best efforts throughout the game. A little squabble and necessary roughness was common with him, but he always got away with it.



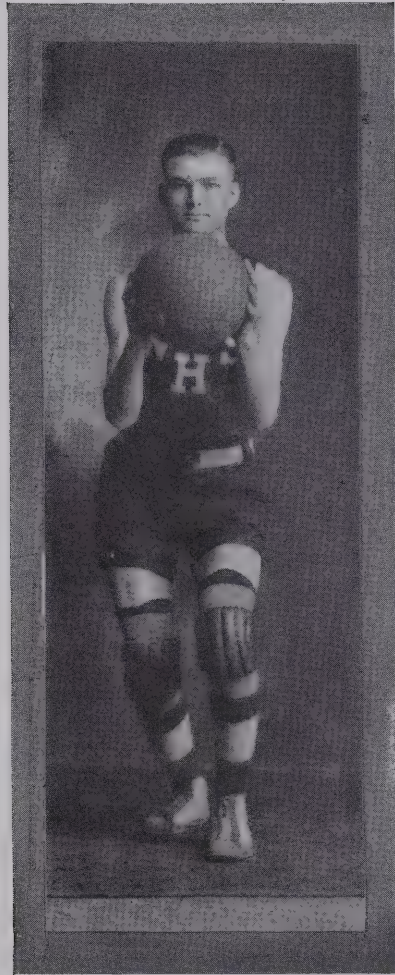
Harry Fisk. Fisk didn't get into the game very early in the season, but showed up very good when given a chance. He was rather slow, but most generally broke up anything that came his way. He did very good work in holding his forward down throughout the game. His basketball career will be very short, as he graduates this year.



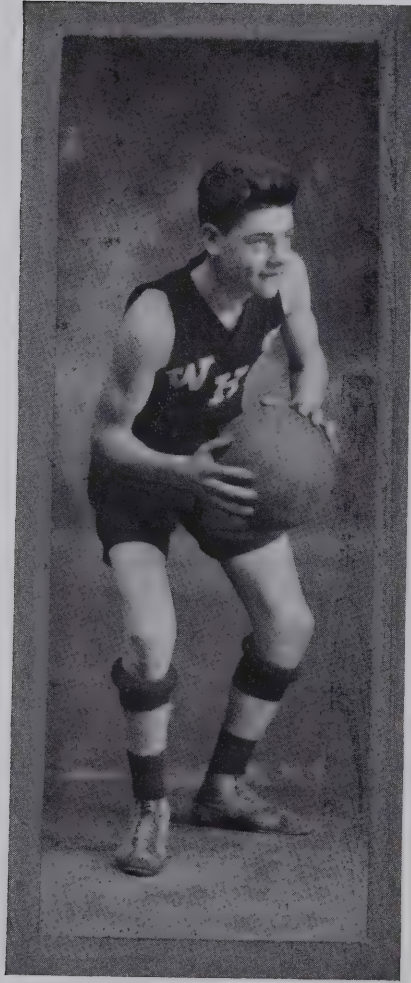
John Forney. Kid is small, but nevertheless has the weight. On the defense he is right there and generally stopped whomever he went after. He filled in the position of back guard in great shape and busted up many of the plays headed in his direction. He is a hard worker and is doing his best all the time. He sure kept his forward stepping some,



Clyde Fales. Diddy is a Junior and will be with us next year. When it comes to being rough, no one can surpass him. He is right there on the jump and will probably be the man to jump center next year. He has showed improvement in his guarding, but sometimes forgets about roughing it. His ability to get the ball down to our end is good and drops one in himself now and then.



Eston Fales, The tall fellow commonly known as Lanky did good work for us in getting the tip off. Very few have gotten the best of him on the jump. He is always in the game, he never says quit. Being a Senior he will leave us this year. He also isn't very gentle with his opponents, and WO-BE-ON the man who strikes him. He is right there when it comes to throwing free throws,



Ernest Ernhart. Ern, our right forward, is pretty good on the pass, also for sensational shots. As he is only a Junior, he will have another with us. He is a good guard as well as forward, but has shown his adaptability to the position he has played the latter part of the season. His inability to rely upon himself in shooting baskets was extremely great, but that soon wore off.



Worden Brandon. Brandon, a tall fair lad, is right there when it comes to dropping the ball thru the ring. He looks rather light, but has the pep. He is fast on his feet and keeps his guard on the jump. He played a fast, steady game and was up on his toes all the time. He graduates this spring and therefore is lost to us forever.



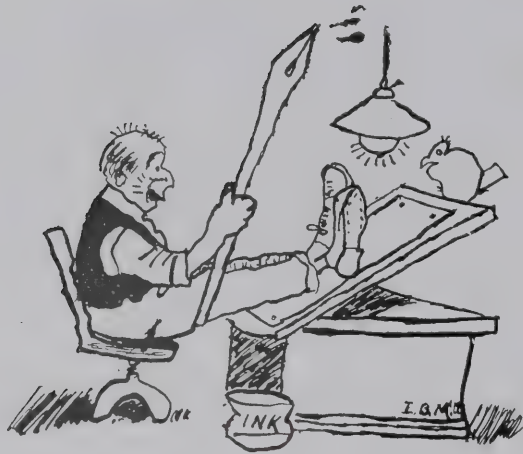
W. H. S. BASE BALL TEAM

BASEBALL

As the warm weather began to come and the sign of spring began to hover over everything, the predominating feature, in sports, became baseball. Getting organized, electing John Forney captain, we soon got things a-going. After having a fairly good bunch out to practice several times, we picked out the team.

Our first game was with Ashley. It proved to be a bad day, but we played any way. The ball getting very slippery, very little could be done by either one of the pitchers. We took the game nevertheless. The score was more like a basketball score than a baseball score—27-13.

As the weather did not improve in the next few days, all hopes were given up for any more games before a while. We had several booked, but had to cancel them.



LITERATURE

THE GREAT BIG LAND UP YONDER

A mystic country there is, to the north, where the will-o-the-wisps are at play—the sun-dogs by day and the ghost-gleam at night, northern lights, they have named the pale spectators that flit here and there in the sky. And the red midnight sun doubles back on his track, when the year tide is full, in that land where the sunlight and shadows are wed.

A strange land it is, filled with contrast and charm. From the far frozen seas it sweeps south, many leagues, to the warm westward isles where the breath of the breeze from Japan fills the air. Silent snow fields lie sleeping, where the feet of the fairies may have danced but no man's feet have trod. Busy town spring to life where restless human beings dig and scramble for gold, and the roar of the blasts and din of noisy mills shatters the air, night and day. Great cold peaks lift their pallid faces against skies so blue that it seems that all the color in the world must have been spilled there; painted hills of the Yukon rise, like rainbows; or the soft, heavy greens of the coast slopes with their filmy mist-mantles and rain pearls.

Strange ice rivers are there and quaint Indian villages tucked away in the coves; weird totems, rich baskets, old carvings in ivory and slate—crude gropings toward art by a primitive race. Strong and vast is that land, and free and untamed, with the pulse of fresh life rising high in its veins.

Newest of all the corners of the continent, last of the borders to be subdued—the scene of action for tomorrow. Yet ancient and quaint, with an old world civilization transplanted on its shores a century and a half ago, from the days when Baranof was the “little czar of the Pacific,” when the bells of the old

California mission were cast in the foundries of Sitka, and Russian music in the castle on the hill.

Many days and long weeks would be needed to travel its length. Over mountains, along mighty winding rivers, and out again to the sea one would go. But the panhandle portion to the southeast is the threshold; and from here one may glimpse the great country—Alaska.

Alaska and the Klondike as they are today are amongst the most amazing facts of our new century; yesterday a wilderness with heroes fighting epic battles with the elements; today a land with towns and cities, with happy homes and thriving business enterprises.

It's the great big land way up yonder
It's the forest where silence has lease;
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,
It's the stillness that fills me with peace.

I've stood in some mighty mouthed hollow
That's plumb full of hush to the brim;
I've watched the big husky sun wallow
In crimson and gold, and grow dim,
'Till the moon set the pearly peaks gleaming,
And the stars tumbled out, neck and crop;
And I thought that I surely was dreaming,
With the peace of the world piled on top.

The summer—no sweeter was ever;
The sunshiny woods all athrill;
The grayling asleep in the river,
The bighorn asleep on the hill.
The strong life that never knows harness;
The wilds where the caribou call;
The freshness, the freedom, the farness—
Oh God! how I'am stuck on it all.

By Robert W. Service.

W. M. BRANDON, '19.

THE BACKWARD COURSE

The midnight sun gently rolled over and started back on its never-ending course as a smokelike mist made its appearance above the jagged edge of the Saw Tooth Mountains. It seemed to rise, stop, curl around, then stand motionless for several minutes, then seemed to rise in the air and disappear.

Far below in the little valley, a girl stood watching the apparition as it came and went. Kathelene Williams was awed by the appearance and actions of the specter. She had come to this faroff country to get away from the mysterious caverns of the cities; and as she sat down on the step of her dainty

cabin a thought came to her. If she could unravel this great mystery of the mountains, she could go back to civilization and the dear one that she had left, with a feeling of satisfaction, as surely none of the outer world's mysteries could surpass this one.

Early the next morning Kathelene set out on her quest, Max, the faithful old dog, slowly following along behind her as if he would never return. The going was very tedious as there was no path to follow. Six o'clock that evening found her several feet above her home. Being very tired she made camp and prepared for the night. She was sleepless; the vision of that specter kept continually flitting before her vision. At last she fell asleep and during her peaceful slumbers she dreamed that she was in search of her long lost lover who had vanished in the dead of the night from his country home.

The next morning she awoke with a start. Could it be possible that such a dream were true. It kept coming to her mind, mingling with the apparition till they were one. The days of weary toil were beginning to tell on her; she looked tired and weary, but yet she toiled on, as if something now told her not to give up.

The end of the fifth day found her on the crest of the mountain from which she had seen the apparition. That night she waited, tired and worn out, for her long quest to end, but all thru the night nothing appeared. Another night passed and still nothing was seen. On the third night as she was preparing to go to sleep, she heard her old friend give a growl and while so doing, rose to his feet, as if there was danger lurking near. As she sat there in fear, yet not afraid, a mistlike substance seemed to come before her and spread out in a long sheet and circling upward into the heavens, till lost among the clouds. She cautiously crept forward a few steps to a large rock or projection of rock which overhung the ravine, which dropped thousands of feet below to the beautiful valley of Saw Tooth Mountains. She peered over the precipice; far below she saw a small stream wending its way among the rock. Scanning the side of the precipice from which she thought the smoke or mist came from, she discovered to her surprise, not over two hundred feet below her, on a small shelf, a man sitting beside a fire he had just built. As he sat there he would, now and then, lift his hands to heaven as if in prayer. Thinking it best not to let him know that she had seen him, she drew back, but in so doing her locket was torn from her neck and fell down beside the man. He was very startled, and was at first afraid to pick it up. As he stared at it, before his eyes came the vision of his fiancée. Could it be possible or was he just dreaming? The locket had in its falling been broken open and exposed the face of Kathelene.

Robert Brentwood, a young physician, was involved in the unraveling of the mystery of the murder of his friend, David Standish. Due to the great amount of knowledge that he had obtained and being found out, was kidnapped by the gang that had murdered his friend and was carried to the mountains and put on this shelf to die.

Kathelene went for help. On her way down the mountain she met her old friend, Captain Cameron, of the North West Mounted Police. She told him of her discovery. Cameron stood motionless for a few minutes, then turned and said, "That man might possibly be—be Robert Brentwood." Kathelene,

not hearing of the disappearance of her fiancé, would not believe him. The Captain then explained about the murder of Standish, and the disappearance of Brentwood. Kathelene could hardly wait till they reached the summit of the mountain; and, as the midnight sun turned and started on its backward course, on the crest of the mountain, stood two people arm in arm, silhouetted against the eastern sky.

RUTH E. PRICE, '20.

JOHNNY AT THE BAT

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Waterloo nine that day, the score stood two to one with but one more inning to play. Then when CY died at first and FALES did the same, a sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game. A straggling few got up to go, in deep despair, the rest clung to the hope which springs eternal in the human breast; they thought if only JOHNNY could get a whack at that ball, they'd put up even money now with JOHNNY at the bat. But TIM preceded JOHNNY, as did also BRANDON; the former was a lulu, the latter was well done. So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat, for there seemed of little chance of JOHNNY getting to bat. But TIM let drive a single, to the wonderment of all and BRANDON, the tall guy, tore the cover off the ball. And when the dust had lifted and the men had seen what had occurred, there was BRANDON safe at second and TIM a-hugging third. Then from 5,000 throats or more, there rose a lusty yell; it rumbled thru the valley; it rattled in the dell, it rocked upon the mountains, and recoiled upon the flat, for JOHNNY, mighty JOHNNY, was advancing to the bat. There was ease in JOHNNY'S manner as he stepped into his place, there was pride in JOHNNY'S bearing and a smile on JOHNNY'S face. When responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat, no stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas JOHNNY at the bat. Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt; five thousand tongues applauded, when he wiped them on his shirt. Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip, defiance gleamed in JOHNNY'S eyes, a sneer curled JOHNNY'S lip. Then the leather-covered sphere came hurtling thru the air and JOHNNY stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there. Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped. "That ain't my style," said JOHNNY. "Strike one," the umpire said. From the benches black with people there went up a muffled roar, like the beating of the storm waves on a stern and distant shore. "Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted someone in the stand, and 'tis likely they'd have killed him, had not JOHNNY raised his hand. With a smile of Christian charity great JOHNNY'S visage shone; he stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on. Then he signaled to the pitcher, once more the sphereoid flew, but JOHNNY still ignored it and the umpire said, "Strike two." Fraud! cried the maddened thousands and the echo answered fraud. But one scornful look at JOHNNY and the audience was awed. They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain, and they knew that JOHNNY would not let that ball go by again. The sneer has gone from JOHNNY'S lips, his teeth are clenched in hate; he pounds with cruel violence

his bat upon the plate. Now the pitcher holds the ball and now he lets it go, and now the air is shattered with the force of JOHNNY'S blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright. The band is playing somewhere and somewhere hearts are light, and somewhere men are laughing and somewhere children shout, but there is no joy in Waterloo—mighty JOHNNY had struck out.—Anonymous.

A MISUNDERSTANDING

A misunderstanding is usually the result of a falsehood, but I believe that is too strong a term for this case, which would be better called a prevarication.

It was a very angry little girl who sat in her seat at school, one day, bitterly going over the facts of an occurrence which had riled her no little amount. She was Sylvia Leedy, a Sophomore of the Arden High, and the cause of her anger was Lloyd Tillet, a Junior lad. Purge Lake, a small body of water about two miles from Arden, was a perfectly delightful place for skating during the winter and Loyd had invited Sylvia to accompany him on a Junior class skate that night, but she had declined, fearing the Juniors would consider it an intrusion. Later in the day she was talking to Inez Brown, a Junior girl, who seemed all the time to be very pleased with herself. While they were talking she asked Sylvia if she was going to the Junior class skate that night, and when Sylvia answered that she was not Inez smiled again, and Sylvia added, "Are you?" Inez's voice grew confidential. "I don't know whether to or not; I was asked, but I can't make up my mind." At this Sylvia's curiosity became very much aroused, because Inez was not a popular girl, and Sylvia wondered with whom she was going. But when she asked, the only answer she received was, "Well! I guess I wouldn't tell you," to which she replied with a great show of concern, "Why if it is Lloyd for heaven's sake go with him, I won't care." "Yes," replied Inez, "he asked me just as soon as he knew we were going." Inwardly raging, but making a desperate effort to appear calm, Sylvia took her seat, just as we found her at the beginning of the story.

So Loyd had asked Inez as soon as the party had been proposed, eh! Then that must have been before he had asked Sylvia, and probably the reason he had asked her was because he knew she wouldn't go. Well he need not worry, she would not stand in his way any longer. He could just take Inez for all she cared, but when she got home and was still thinking it over, and thought what jolly good friends they had been, she found that she did care a great deal and it was far earlier than her usual bedtime when she sought her pillow that night. Sleep, however, did not come to her eyes nearly as easily as tears, and not till she had indulged in a hearty cry did Sylvia sleep.

The next day on her way to school, she met a friend who remarked, "Gee, Loyd is getting to be a regular foggy, wouldn't even take a girl to the skate last night." Sylvia tried to laugh and appear jolly, but she was really very puzzled, and when Loyd came to talk to her, she did not answer politely as she had intended to do, but asked him frankly why he didn't take Inez to

the skate last night. He looked at her in amazement and exclaimed, "Take Inez! I never thought of it. I even didn't ask any girl but you. I went with Ocal and Ellis." Then she told him what Inez had said. He sat thinking a while, then said, "I have it. The other day at a class meeting we were wondering what we could do for a lark, and as Inez was the one nearest me, we began discussing it between ourselves. I mentioned what fun it would be for the whole class to go skating and remarked to her, "What do you say, Inez, let's go skating tonight, meaning of course the whole class. But I certainly didn't intend to take Inez."

And so the quarrel ended as most quarrels do, by finding that it is only a misunderstanding.

ANONA BENSING, '20.





Short Hand.

Customer: "I want a bowl of tomato soup, a plate of beans and butter, a piece of apple pie and a glass of water."

Waiter: "One splash of red nose, platter of Saturday nights, dough well done with cow to cover, Eve with a lid on and a chaser of Adam's ale."

Customer: "A dozen raw oysters."

Waiter: "Twelve alive in the shells."

Customer: "Couple of doughnuts and a cup of coffee without cream."

Waiter: "Two submarines and a mug musk, no cow."

Customer: "Want a rump steak rare."

Waiter: "Slab of moo—let him chew it."

* * *

Bliss.

There are meters iambic
And meters trochaic
And meters in musical tone;
But the meter
That's sweeter
And neater
Completer,
Is to meter in the moonlight alone.

The Shoe said to the Sock,
"I'll wear a hole in you."
The Sock said to the Shoe,
"I'll be darned if you do."

The Tree said to the Brook,
"I'll fall across you."
The Brook said to the Tree,
"I'll be dammed if you do."

The lad said to the Lass,
"I'll put my arms around you."
The Lass said to the Lad,
"I'll be held if you do."

* * *

She: "He has one of those basketball moustaches."

He: "What's that?"

She: "You know, five on a side."

* * *

If all the hens were motorcars,
How awful it would be.
Police traps, fines and prison bars
Would wait for you and me;
And if it were the other way,
We'd all sing glad Amens,
And fifteen cents for eggs we'd pay,
If motorcars were hens.

* * *

Flunk and the world flunks with you
—(Human).
Pass and you pass alone—Divine).



A PAIR



THE SLIDE



COOPS



ET

SNAP SHOTS



OH MY



DOOM ATTY



SMILES



SHWELL



JANUARY



OH MY



TIN SOLDIER



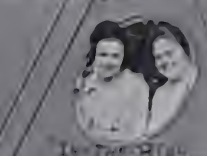
"THREE MEN"



"TWEE"



"ACROBAT"



"IN THE PICTURE"



"ROBERT"



"DAVID"



"PAUL"



"HARRY LUCKY"



"SOME BUNCH"



"KIDS"

Wise Bird: "Ever see a close race?"

Wiser Guy: "Sure, I spent a year among the Hebrews."

Vera had a little lamp,
It was well trained no doubt,
For that every time that Jakie came,
The little lamp went out.

"Did you ever know a person
could get drunk on water?"
"Impossible; you can't get drunk
on water."

"Can't a person get drunk on water
as well as on land?"

Stranded Motorist: "Madam, have
you an extra tire about you?"

Lady Motorist: "Sir, I'm well
bundled; that is why I look that
way."

Such a trim and dainty maiden
Ambled down my way,
'Neath her hat I glanced so shyly—
Sixty if a day.

Summer Boarder: "Why, what
pretty little cowlets those are in the
field."

Farmer: "You are mistaken,
ma'am; those are bullets."

Want Ads.

Wanted: A bellhop to inform
them when the bell rings.

HAROLD S. & OLIVER M.

Wanted: Address of Miss Hussey.
ERNEST E.

Wanted: Good, substantial cradle.
DAWSON Q.

Wanted: Position in a quiet rural
village. REV. SHIPPY.

Wanted: Girl with hollow tooth to
bite holes out of the doughnuts.

Wanted: Dwelling house; room
for two; bungalow preferred.

JOHN FORNEY.

Sign in a window of a furniture
store: New Arrivals in Brass Beds.

Teacher: "Name one animal which
provides you with food and cloth-
ing."

Bright Boy: "My mother."

Dedicated to ???

It was recess time, my friends,
And behold whom one could see;
A comely youth, awkwardly tread-
ing northward,
Toward the back part of the as-
sembly.

His hair is black and crooked,
His face a mortal blank;
He is tall and huge as a hippo,
And he walks with a clankety
clank.

His demeanor and actions are dis-
gusting
To those that—well, we do not care
to repeat,
But to him the breath of his life
Lives down on Washington street.

I log to sing a sog of sprig;
And hub a berry tude,
But when my hub is on the bub,
I guess I'll wade till Jude.

Join the regiment of "Great Hearts"
Of the men who "Do and Dare,"
March with private "Yes & Surely"
'Gainst the ranks of "I Don't
Care."

Join the "Laugh-When-All-Is-Blue
Boys"
Under Colonel "Stick-It-Out,"

Drill with Captain "Put-It-Over,"
And Lieutenant "Let Them
Shout."

Learn the regiment's favorite march
tunes,
"We're Going on Ahead,"
"Never Give up, Fight, Smiling,"
"Only the Dead Are Dead."

So shall you get the "Habit,"
Just thru that steady drill
Of "Do, Do More," and "Do Better"
In the army of "I Will."

* * *

Senior Catalogue of Fiction and Song.

Arthur Haycox:
(The Man Who Stood Still)
Estelle Shippy:
(The Little Minister)
Eston Fales:
(The Wooing of the Sahara)
Georgia Fee:
(The Woman at the Helm)
Harry Fisk:
(The Gentleman from Mississippi)
Kenneth George:
(The Spendthrift)
Lauretta Gfeller:
(Sis Hopkins)
Georgia Oster:
(The Sweetest Girl in Paris)
Vera Heighn:
(The Slim Princess)
Russell Hamman:
(The Hoosier Schoolmaster)
Irene McCague:
(The Cutest Little Girl in Town)
George Speer:
(The Fortune Hunter)
Genevee Oster:
(Little Miss Innocence)
Helen Eberly:
(The Fascinating Widow)
Devon Bartholmew:
(Romeo)

Dannie Walker:
(The Squaw Man)
Ardis Childs:
(Miss Nobody from Storyland)
Oliver Miser:
(Man from Glengary)
Clyde Hawk:
(The Country Boy)
Harold Strow:
(When Nighthood Was in Flower)
LeRoy Hamp:
(The Girl Question)
Worden Brandon:
(The Man from Missouri)

* * *

Big and sweet as a dumpling,
Round and smooth as a ball;
Everybody loves her,
But Ernest loves her best of all.

* * *

Some Don'ts for Underclassmen.

Look not on the next gazook's paper during an exam. He may be wrong.

Cast not thy bread upon the water,
but keep it for a rainy day.

Stay not after 10 o'clock lest the
wrath of the father come down on
thy head.

Be not affectionate with women;
you may have to pay their board bill
for the rest of their life.

Never run after a car or a woman
--there will be another along in a
short time.

Never tell secrets in a cornfield,
for the corn has ears.

* * *

"How far is it between towns?"
asked the lawyer.

"About four mile as the flow
cries," replied the witness.

"No put in the Judge," he means
as the fly crows."

And they all looked at each other,
thinking something was wrong.

Name	Mark of Distinction	Favorite Expression	As Their Parents See Them.	As Their Friends See Them
Haycox	His talk	Prove it	Impossible to fill.	Out of sight
Miser	Hair cut.	Be jees—	Pres. of Matrimonial agency	A heart breaker
Fales	Absent from Roll call.	D—tutin	Six feet	Some rep.
Fee	Tiny.	Darned if I will be back	A student	Ask him, he'll tell you
Fisk	Red face.	Put her there pal	A rough neck	Who, Maggie?
Strow	His hair	Ah, Renie dear	A model young man	The cutest boy of all
Oster	Baby face	I'm so peeved	A little angel	Perfect
Hawk	Hayseed	Youse guys	Speaker of Jap Parliament	Too bad, but—
Heighn	Guardian angel	Holy gee Wack!	If they only could	Oh, you dear sweet girl
Gfeller	Her rings	He's a corker	White as snow	Don't blush now
Hamman	Glasses	Yes I think so too	A reckless driver	Here we stop
Brandon	Looks	GeenisKrouts	Noble produce of the west	O. K.
Shippy	Himself	It's this way	A minister	Hasn't got any
Hamp	Those musical strains	Hully Gee	Big help to mother	Which one?
Speer	Ford	Holy Mackeral	Still a water boy	She hasent said
McCague	Resembles a barrel	Hello!	Small	Just a dear
Oster Geo.	Teeth marks on neck	Darn you	Model young woman	Hate to say
Eberly	Accent P	Pass the Potatoes	Head liner on dancing	Oh Judge!
Bartholmew	Walk	Oh gee whiz	A model young man	Ask Hazel
Walker	Dancing	He has none?	An honor student	That's the question
Childs	Silence	Can it.	A Sunday school teacher	Fickle
George	Mouth	He has too many	An athlete	A regular devil

Servant (knocking on the bedroom door): "Eight o'clock, eight o'clock!"

Sleepy Guest: "Did you? Too bad, better call a doctor."

* * *

Mildness is good, but nothing turns sourer than milk.—Ex.

Cover the hard benches of daily life with the cozy cushions of little courtesies.—Ex.

Don't brood, think. Don't worry, plan. Don't waiver, act.—Ex.

A silent word is worth more than a thousand spoken words.—Ex.

Women talk so much they do not have time to think.—Ex.

* * *

The bean sings in the apple tree,
The microbe bites into the flee,
All nature weakens to the thrills,
Of bold mosquitoes' probing bills,
And as upon yon face I stare,
I see some vegetation there.

* * *

Madam Boanhedd's Information Bureau.

(To beauty seekers)

I do wish my eyes were darker.
Can you tell me some way to darken them? SOULFUL SUSAN.

Very simple, Susie; just turn out your lights.

My ears have a great habit of flapping in the wind. What can I do?

MINCING MATILDA.

Pin them together in the back, Matty, with a large safety pin.

I have such ugly wrinkles on my forehead that I look much older than I really am. Is there any way, Dear Mme. Boanhedd, of getting rid of the horrid things?

GROWLING GRETCHEN,

If you have no sandpaper handy try rubbing the forehead vigorously on a plastered wall.

* * *

First Student: "What geometric figure does a dead parrot represent?"

Second Student: "Polygon, of course."

* * *

A green little freshie in a green little way

Mixed together some chemicals which he found one day.

And the green little grasses now tenderly wave

O'er the green little freshman's green little grave.

* * *

Judge: "What is your name?"

The Swede: "Jan Oleson."

Judge: "Married?"

Swede: "Ya, I ban married."

Judge: "Whom did you marry?"

Swede: "A woman."

Judge: "Fool, did you ever hear of anyone who did not marry a woman?"

Swede: "Ya, my sister—she married a man."

* * *

Teacher (to Freshman): "What is steam, my boy?"

Freshman: "Steam is water going crazy with the heat."

* * *

What the Sophomores Are Not.

Sensible

Obliging

Pitiable

Honest

Original

Modest

Observing

Reasonable

Exact

Scarce

Scène: Camp in an old cowshed somewhere in France.

Time: Just at dusk.

Characters: Two American dough-boys.

Act 1.

Who-o-oooo! Who-o-oooo! Who-o-oooo!

Act 2.

What the 'ell was that?

Them's owls.

I know they's owls, but 'ho the 'ell is 'owling?

* * *

Loneliness, Where Is Thy Sting?

Oh, are he went?

Oh, am he gone?

An' is I left here all alone?

Oh, cruel fate to be so blind,

To take he far away

And leave I hind!

It cannot was.

Oh, are he went?

Oh, am he gone?

Oh, did he leave I all alone?

I can never go to he,

Him can always come to me,

It cannot was.

* * *

Household Hints.

(Conducted by Miss Ivry Dohm)

To keep baby's face clean use liberal doses of Dutch Cleanser.

If your door sticks, nitroglycerin will be very effective in opening them.

Miss Pearl Button says that a good sized chunk of limberger placed in your bureau drawer will keep un-trustworthy servants from meddling therein.

If you have polished floors in your house, ropes stretched across the room, about waist high, will prove a great convenience to strangers, who are unable to skate.

To Shine, The Lamp:

Shine! Shine! Little lamp,

How I wonder where you camp,

Out among the W. H. S. boys so gay,

Never at home, night or day.

Shine! Shine! Little lamp;

Whom are you with tonight—Fales

or Hamp?

Far away from that peaceful home,

Where too twice a week I roam.

Listen, dear Shiner, my little lamp;

If you insist on going with LeRoy

Hamp,

Far away to some isolated land I'll fly;

There I'll sing one last farewell note and die.

—From Jay, the Bird.

* * *

Why is a frozen pup like a kiss?

Answer: Because it is dog-on-ice (doggone nice).

* * *

The clock struck eleven. The young lady yawned audibly, but still her gentleman caller made no move to go.

"I am like a tree—rooted at your side," he finally remarked.

"Yes—but you never leave, do you?"

* * *

?Statics?

"Watt you doing here?" asked the boss.

"Eatin' currents," replied the apprentice shamefacedly. "A n o d e you'd catch me at it."

"Were you insulate this morning, any way?" demanded the boss.

"Leyden bed."

"Fuse going to do this every day you can take your hat and go Ohm," replied the boss, and the circuit was broken right there.

Horsetility.

A pedagogue told one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle, to spell hostility.

"H-o-r-s-e, horse," began Pat.

"Not horse tility," said the teacher, "but hostility."

"Sure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me the other day not to say hoss? Be jabbers, it's one thing wid ye one day and another the next."

* * *

Mosquitoes with Lanterns.

Two Irishmen had been fighting the mosquitoes of a New York tenement house. About 2 o'clock they finally got to sleep. While in a half dose, lightning bug came flying thru the room.

"Jamie, Jamie, it's no use, exclaimed Pat. Here's one of the creatures sarchin' for us wid a lantern."

* * *

Railroads are built on three gauges now—broad gauge, narrow gauge, mortgage.

* * *

The best place for mothers to go with marriageable daughters is to Sulphur Springs because they are good places for matchmaking.

* * *

If there is anything I hate it is profanity; still, animals use it. Look at the beaver, he is continually damming the creek.

* * *

(Discussing improvements in school building).

Estelle S.: "Don't you think some day school buildings will face the north?"

* * *

Mr. Green (first snow of season falling): "Some snow! We will soon have a snow ride."

(Mr. Green, in Geog. III, telling about the oyster beds).

Ernest E.: "Do you have to have a license to get them?"

George S.: "No, you shoot them."

* * *

Irene Mc.: "Mr. Green, I can't keep up with my lessons."

Mr. Green: "Oh, I see, you are too popular."

* * *

Miss Bixler (practicing the operetta): "Boys, don't pull so many monkey shins; there's naturally enough any way."

* * *

Mr. Green (in Geom. III): "Dust from the Sahara is sometimes carried by the wind into Germany."

Ernest E.: "It would have to cross the Mediterranean, wouldn't it?"

* * *

Miss Coil (in English): "In what form of writing was the Journal to Stella written?"

Dannie W.: "It was written to his lover so it must have been written in poetry."

Oliver M. (playing with a spider web): "I didn't know a weber-spide could float."

* * *

Kenneth G. (discussing Johnson's ill manners at the table): "He took the lady's slipper off the table."

* * *

Miss Coil (in English): "Estelle, what is romanticism?"

Estelle S.: "I can't just speak it in words."

Ardis C.: "Sing it."

* * *

Georgia O. (tying her shoe string): "I guess I'll go barefooted. I have such a time with my shoes."

Ardis C.: "The board of health won't let you."

* * *

Mr. Forney (in physics): "The skipper's feet don't wet the water. Therefore, they stay on top."

* * *

Miss Coil (in English): "Did you ever read 'Sesame and Lilies'?"

Vera H.: "No, I never read anything but fairy tales."

* * *

Miss Coil (addressing the school): "Be still, I want to tell you something."

* * *

Mr. Green (in phys. geog.): "What is a steppe? Not the kind you have to watch?"

* * *

Mr. Green (history class): "What railroad was connected with the fugitive slave law, Oliver?"

Oliver M.: "Michigan Central."

* * *

Miss Coil (Eng. IV): "The Good Natured Man is another one."

Georgia O.: "I never saw one."

* * *

Orval F.: "I can tell anybody's fortune."

Genevieve O.: "Orval, just tell me when I am going to get married."

Orval: "As soon as you can find somebody that will marry you."

* * *

Miss Coil: "Devon, can you tell us about Marlowe?"

Devon B. (just returned from Butler): "No, not this morning."

* * *

Irene Mc. (studying geom. in assembly): "What is the most destructive animal to man?"

Lenore E.: "The elephant."

Helen E.: "The elephant is the most intelligent animal."

Vera H.: "Oh, I'm an elephant."

* * *

Miss Coil (Eng. IV): "We come to class to recite or listen to someone recite, and if we do neither, what grade do you expect to get?"

George S.: "A goose egg."

Mr. Green (hist. IV): "Irene, who was in command of the army in Porto Rico?"

Irene Me.: "I don't know."

Harry F.: "Pearson, wasn't it?"

* * *

Worden B. (His. IV): "The battle took place on Saturday night and it was dark because all the lights were out."

* * *

Miss Coil (Eng. IV): "It's no use in us getting noisy before we get settled in here."

* * *

Mr. Forney (in Arith. IV): "If you're not careful your mind will balk on you. The mind is a peculiar animal."

* * *

Ethel B.: "Miss Chaney, how do you untighten this wheel?"

* * *

Francis G.: "I was so nice that they put a mark after every one of the character side of my grade card."

* * *

Miss Coil (in Eng. III): "Now, you folks who are listening are not paying any attention."

* * *

Wonder why Devon objects to Velma sitting beside him. He does though because he threw her off the back seat of Boliver's car. Ask Lois.

* * *

Bixler (in boys' chorus): "I'll let you come in on the word beautiful."

* * *

Lenore's hearing is bad. She can't distinguish Brecbill from Duckbill.

* * *

Clyde F. (His. III): "Napoleon captured 2,000 Sardines" (Sardinians).

* * *

Blanch M.: "Franklin invented electricity."

* * *

Mr. Green (in Hist. III): "Clyde, you report on Bolivar tomorrow."

Clyde F.: "Let Lois."

* * *

Hazel W.: "When I was a baby I had an awful pretty mouth."

Ross M.: "It's funny how some folks change."

* * *

Funny, isn't it, that Lois has taken to receive Boliver's mail.

Even a postmaster knows a case when he sees it.

* * *

Worden B. (in geo. III): "The women in Japan shave their heads when their husbands die to show that they are in mourning."

Bill M.: "Say, Lenore, are you in mourning?"

* * *

(Lucile and John F. making quite a noise in the assembly.)

Miss Bixler: "Sh-h-h, girls!"

Anona B.: "Say, hasn't Lois and Boliver an awful case on? Someone ought to lock Boliver up some time, so he couldn't walk home with her every night."

Bill M.: "They wouldn't dare keep him long because they say absence makes the heart grow fonder and that would be terrible."

* * *

Green (Hist. III): "Pretty good, Maude, pretty good; only one small point left out. I'll give you 85% on that."

* * *

Ernest E. (reading in Eng. III.)

Miss Coil: "Is that a period, Ernest?"

Ernest: "Two off um."

* * *

Carol U. (in Eng. II): "The bee was about to bite him."

* * *

Miss Coil (Latin I): "Where is Mabel?"

Genevieve G.: "Down cellar."

* * *

Mary S. (in Eng. I, giving a talk): "Boys are a nuisance."

Miss Chaney: "Do you think so?"

* * *

Miss Chaney (discussing the plural of bachelor in Eng. I): "It takes a plural verb."

Kenneth F.: "Yes, but we think of them as singular."

* * *

Mabel H.: "Hazel, how many relations have you made?" (meaning resolutions).

* * *

Miss Coil (talking a few sentences in Latin.)

Clifford D.: "Gee, I wish I knew all of that!"

* * *

Mr. Forney (telling the Freshmen to study other Algebras besides Wells & Hart's): "Why, if you aren't careful you'll all be little Harts before you get out of high school."

* * *

Miss Bixler (in music I): "Now, let's think about the boys."

* * *

Aileen (all exhausted): "Oh, dear."

Clifford D.: "What do you want?"

* * *

Velma W. (kissing her finger and touching Aileen's face): "That's the way I kiss a boy."

Bixler: "That's no fun."

* * *

Mr. Forney (physics class): "Take the pitchfork" (meaning tuning fork).

Mr. Forney (physics class): "Ardis, have you ever been where there wasn't any light?"

Ardis: "I've been where there wasn't very much."

* * *

The war was over and the new Wo-Man was fully developed. Gone were the petticoats and the fal-de-lals. Women aimed at being rational in character and dress. In such an after-the-war household Mr. Big Boy was washing out baby's bottle, when his wife came down dressed for going out.

"Are you going out?" whined Mr. Big Boy.

"Yes," said his wife, patting his cheek.

"It's the big meeting at the club."

"Then—then," said the man, and his lips trembled, "if you're not in by 11 o'clock, I'll—I'll go home to Pa, Pa."





SEPTEMBER.

- Monday, 16th—School begins. Look at the Green begin to multiply.
- Tuesday, 17th—More Freshmen . Embarrassed when going out of room.
- Wednesday, 18th—Look at that Sophomores' pennant (????)
- Thursday, 19th—Time to get down to work.
- Friday, 20th—Freshmen glad. End of first week.
- Monday, 23d—Prof. gives lecture.
- Tuesday, 24th—Few Junior boys play hooky.
- Wednesday, 25th—Nothing doing.
- Thursday, 26th—Ditto.
- Friday, 27th—Hear again the old familiar music box.
- Monday, 30th—Everybody blue.



OCTOBER.

Tuesday, 1st—New month starts fine.

Wednesday, 2d—Preparation for Junior class party.

Thursday, 3d—Orders from headquarters (no party).

Friday, 4th—Everybody sings this morning.

Monday, 7th—**FLU.**



NOVEMBER.

- Monday, 4th—School again. All **FLU** germs killed.
Tuesday, 5th—Everybody working hard again.
Wednesday, 6th—John F. absent. Someone lonesome.
Thursday, 7th—Ernhart serious. Something wrong.
Friday, 8th—Pictures by Green.
Monday, 11th—Everybody happy.
Tuesday, 12th—Miss Coil sick. Teacher from K'ville.
Wednesday, 13th—Somebody got hungry. A dinner was stolen.
Thursday, 14th—Worden B, is informed not to return to English class tomorrow.
Friday, 15th—Vera H. collapses at assembly room door.
Monday, 18th—Seniors give current events.
Tuesday, 19th—Annual Staff organized.
Wednesday, 20th—Annual Staff meet. Decide on Annual.
Thursday, 21st—Seniors have tests. Testers, more tests.
Friday, 22d—More Green pictures.
Monday, 25th—Current events by Juniors. Excellent.
Tuesday, 26th—Have no confusion in marching out today.
Wednesday, 27th—Speech on the significance of Thanksgiving.
Thursday, 28th—Thanksgiving.
Friday, 29th—Vacation. B. B. teams go to Ligonier. Some wait.

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DECEMBER.

- Monday, 2d—Grade cards. Anybody downhearted? Nope.
- Tuesday, 3d—Kenneth G. has plaster on his chin.
- Wednesday, 4th—Who has forgotten about Ernest and Vera at Ligonier?
- Thursday, 5th—Green is handy with those tests.
- Friday, 6th—B. B. teams go to Butler. Waterloo wins both games.
- Monday, 9th—Janitor shows his authority.
- Tuesday, 10th—Junior gets an addition.
- Wednesday, 11th—LeRoy H. uses profane language in English class.
- Thursday, 12th—Wrecking crew sent to north basement.
- Friday, 13th—Play Auburn tonight.
- Monday, 16th—Everybody wears arm bands.
- Tuesday, 17th—Boys in chorus get desperate.
- Wednesday, 18th—Mr. Forney assigns 55 problems to Freshies.
- Thursday, 19th—More Green pictures.
- Friday, 20th—Oh, you Operetta!
- Monday, 23d—Very gloomy.
- Tuesday, 24th—Junior girls gone.
- Wednesday, 25th—Christmas vacation.
- Monday, 30th—Something wrong with Miss Coil's neck.
- Tuesday, 31st—Good-bye, 1918.

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JANUARY.

- Wednesday, 1st—Have to go to school on New Year's.
- Thursday, 2d—Snow.
- Friday, 3d—More snow. St. Joe comes here tonight.
- Monday, 6th—Representatives from Auburn. Some of the boys interested.
- Tuesday, 7th—Kenneth G. gets peeved.
- Wednesday, 8th—Some couples decide to go skating.
- Thursday, 9th—Snow again.
- Friday, 10th—Program this afternoon. Fremont comes here tonight.
- Monday, 13th—Fire drill.
- Tuesday, 14th—Mr. Green tries to play acrobat.
- Wednesday, 15th—Mr. Green thinks the sun will stunt Eston's growth.
- Thursday, 16th—Seniors get noisy.
- Friday, 17th—Play Auburn tonight.
- Monday, 20th—Oscie! Wow! Wow! Skinny! Wow! Wow! We skinned Auburn. Wow!
- Tuesday, 21st—A couple of Senior boys in domestic science room. Wonder why.
- Wednesday, 22d—Butler meets her Waterloo tonight.
- Thursday, 23d—Everybody happy, but the culprit (?).
- Friday, 24th—Bill M. on time once.
- Monday, 27th—Everybody invited to join the Working Reserve.
- Tuesday, 28th—Some Sophomore and Junior boys called to office. Wonder why.
- Wednesday, 29th—Fight in north basement today.
- Thursday, 30th—Enormous pressure in geography class.
- Friday, 31st—Program this afternoon.

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FEBRUARY.

Monday, 3d—Garrett High School challenges the W. H. S. to a debate.
Tuesday, 4th—Everything changeable, even Miss Coil.
Wednesday, 5th—Senior physics books disappear.
Thursday, 6th—Preparing for Ligonier.
Friday, 7th—Ligonier plays here tonight.
Monday, 10th—
Tuesday, 11th—
Wednesday, 12th—Exams.
Thursday, 14th—
Monday, 17th—Green pictures on Agriculture.
Tuesday, 18th—Foreign students get balling out.
Wednesday, 19th—Found handkerchief with money in it.
Thursday, 20th—Registers come up missing.
Friday, 21st—We have a ball song.
Monday, 24th—Mr. Harter gives a talk.
Tuesday, 25th—Snow.
Wednesday, 26th—Readings by Mr. Coil.
Thursday, 27th—Mr. Green wears a new suit.
Friday, 28th—Have big debate this morning.

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MARCH.

Monday, 3d—Georgia O. wears high collar. Wonder why. Ask Bill.

Tuesday, 4th—Nothing stirring.

Wednesday, 5th—A little snow.

Thursday, 6th—Talk on beet growing industry.

Friday, 7th—B. B. teams go to tournament.

Monday, 10th—Picture taking starts. (Bub and Boliver accompany their girls home from school.)

Tuesday, 11th—Russel H. sits on floor in English class. Bub and Boliver (again).

Wednesday, 12th—Juniors get their pictures taken. Boliver, Bub,, girls home.

Friday, 14th—Big peace conference this morning. Girls, Boliver, Bub, home.

Mónday, 17th—Big reception tonight.

Tuesday, 18th—We (??) two had a swell time last night (??????????)

Wednesday, 19th—Fourth and last number of Lecture Course tonight.

Thursday, 20th—No more hooky. Orders from headquarters.

Friday, 21st—Everything quiet.

Monday, 24th—Miss Coil has a hug-me-tight.

Tuesday, 25th—Speech by Mr. Willis on state legislature.

Wednesday, 26th—Mr. Green makes some reforms in History class.

Thursday, 27th—Boob gets to English class on time once.

Friday, 28th—Everybody invited to go to Garrett.

Monday, 31st—New time. Many are late.

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APRIL.

Tuesday, 1st—April Fool!

Wednesday, 2d—Seniors have a Senate session.

Thursday, 3d—Senator Hamp flirts with the clerk in state senate.

Friday, 4th—Ciceronian program.

Monday, 7th—Everybody gets baseball fever.

Tuesday, 8th—Everybody quiet at noon before dismissal (??).

Wednesday, 9th—Oliver M. comes back with a big fat face.

Thursday, 10th—Devon lights match in Eng. class. Miss Coil asks if he is cold.

Friday, 11th—Waterloo plays Ashley at Ashley. Baseball. Score 27-13.

Monday, 14th—Rain.

Tuesday, 15th—Miss Coil holds fingers in her ears in English class (???????)

Wednesday, 16th—Herbert W. gets to school at 8:19.

Thursday, 17th—Sleepy Hamman wakes up with a healthy groan.

Friday, 18th—Sun shines for first time in a week.

Monday, 20th—Senior class goes to hear trial.

Tuesday, 22d—War tank stops in front of schoolhouse.

Wednesday, 23d—The records were found in the library.

Thursday, 24th—Some cold.

Friday, 25th—Students skip school to hear band at Auburn.

Monday, 28th—A good laugh in Physics class today.

Tuesday, 29th—Rev. Dawson gives a speech on cigarettes.

Wednesday, 30th—Miss Coil is caught reading letter in schoolroom.

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MAY.

Thursday, 1st—Strenuous practice on the Operetta.
 Friday, 2d—Operetta tonight.
 Monday, 5th—New playground finished.
 Tuesday, 6th—Freshmen are seen on the playground.
 Wednesday, 7th—Boob H. to school all day.
 Thursday, 8th—Everybody takes pictures.
 Friday, 9th—Zedaethean program.
 Monday, 12th—Peanut S. comes to school without his grin.
 Tuesday, 13th—The victrola goes on a strike.
 Wednesday, 14th—Devon is very agreeable today.
 Thursday, 15th—Seniors have two more weeks.
 Friday, 16th—Clifford D. has his algebra today.
 Monday, 19th—Genevee O. gets into a fight with Kenny.
 Tuesday, 20th—Mr. Green gets into a row.
 Wednesday, 21st—Vera H. buys a tablet.
 Thursday, 22d—Anona B. forgets to talk today.
 Friday, 23d—The Seniors think their H. S. labors are over.
 Sunday, 25th—Baccalaureate Address.
 Monday, 26th—Everybody plays tennis.
 Tuesday, 27th—Seniors do a little work.
 Wednesday, 28th—Junior-Senior reception.
 Thursday, 29th—Graduation day.
 Friday, 30th—School out. Good-bye, W. H. S.
 Saturday, 31st—Senior pleasure trip.

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105

Clark A. P. Long, '79, died at Waterloo, Ind., May 12, 1883.

Nettie Kelley, '85, died of consumption at Waterloo, Ind., August 10, 1891.

Nellie J. Carpenter, '91, died at Waterloo, Ind., October 30, 1892.

Edward E. Mitchell, '89, died at Kendallville, Ind., September 30, 1895.

Lena A. Rempis, '95, drowned in Crooked Lake, Steuben County, Indiana, August 12, 1898.

Abbie Sinclair, '87, died of consumption at Pasadena, Cal., July 11, 1900.

Alice Fisher, '90, died at Waterloo, Ind., May 15, 1902.

Dr. Bernard M. Ackman, '90, died at Bethany Park, Morgan County, Indiana, May 17, 1903.

Arthur Bonnell, '99, died at Fort

Wayne, Ind.

Mrs. Ruth Closson Scoville, '99, died in California.

Lulu Knisely, '08, died of consumption at Waterloo, Ind., June 7, 1909.

Mrs. Jennie Swartz Fletcher, '96, died from burns at Waterloo, Ind., October 5, 1909.

James Matson, '12, died of typhoid fever at Bloomington, Ind., April 20, 1914.

Clark Williamson, '01, died at Waterloo, Ind., of consumption April 26, 1913.

Nellie Flace, '07, died at South Bend, Ind.

Edna Broughton Swartz, '11, died at Kendallville, Ind., April 18, 1918.

Vera Newcomer '16, died at Ft. Wayne, Feb. 18, 1919.

It is a known fact that the graduates of this school are scattered far and wide and to them the old W. H. S. is always a fond remembrance, and in order to impress the old Hoosier State upon their minds in greater fashion, the following poem has been inserted:

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I was born in Indiana,
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Birds' sweet warblings fill the air,
And I know I should be happy,
But, somehow, my heart's back there.

Back where wave the rustling corn fields,
Back where blooms the clover sweet,
Back where grass is soft as velvet,
Like a carpet 'neath the feet—
Down there in the dear old orchard,
Laden with its pink white bloom;
Oh, I'm tired of orange blossoms,
Tired of their sweet perfume.

Then I want to see the winter,
See the snow fall once again
Drifting in its pure, white stillness
Over hill, and vale, and plain.
See the icy frescoed windows,
Hear the storm of wind and sleet.
Feels the bliss of changing seasons,
Winter's cold and summer's heat.

If desire had wings to bear me,
I would soon be home once more.
With old friends to cheer and love me,
As in happy days of yore.
Yes, I'm homesick—why deny it.—
For the things that used to be;
Though I love the sunny Southland,
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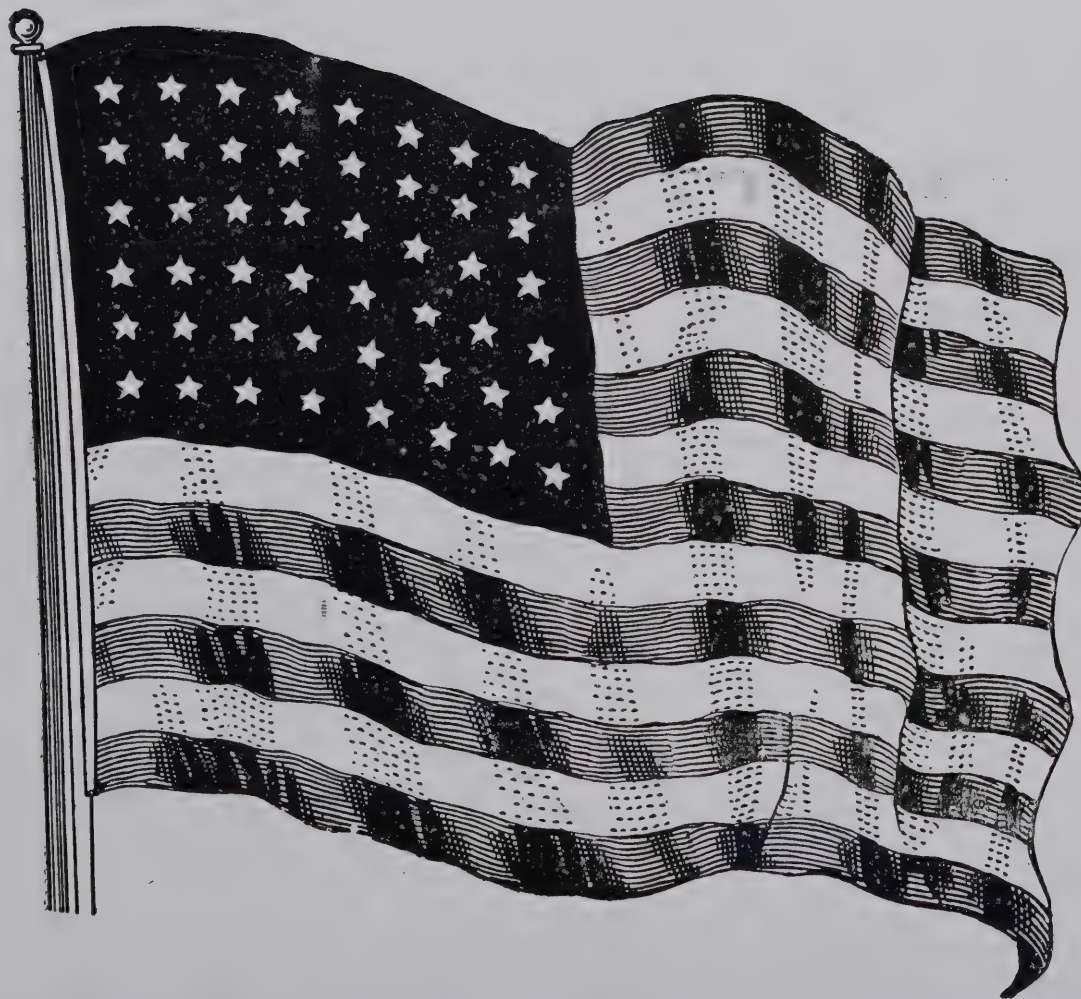
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Class of 1895

Lena Rempis (deceased).
Wilson H. Denison, Auburn, Ind.
Blanche Jackman-Shuman,
Bloomington, Ind.
Sabina Zerkle-Beidler, Waterloo.
Dr. C. L. Hine, Tuscola, Ill.

Class of 1896

Orpha Kiplinger Ladd-Brown,
448 N. Huntington, St., Wabash, Ind.
Maude Lower-Becker, Waterloo.
Jennie Swartz-Fletcher (deceased).
Amy Walsworth-Champion,
871 McKinley Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Minnie Herzog Huntzinger,
121 N. West St., Mishawaka, Ind.

Class of 1897

Daisy Reed-Brown,
528 Langton St., Toledo, Ohio.
Madge Jackman, Los Angeles, Cal.
Blanche Kelley Leake-Marselle,
Tillmore, Cal.
Mabel Weidler-Bateman,
R. D. No. 3, Waterloo.
James D. Snyder, Kendallville, Ind.
Olive Rempis-Willis, Angola, Ind.
Ethel Waterman-Feagler, Mishawaka, Ind.
Verna Darby-Lampland,
Care Lowell Obs., Flagstaff, Ariz.
F. Maynard Hine, R. 3, Waterloo.
Arthur M. Grogg, Waterloo.

Class of 1898

Blanche McCague-Cox, Waterloo.
Edith Gfeller-Leas, Waterloo.
Emma Gfeller-Leas, Waterloo.
Mae Waterman-Gengnagel, Goshen, Ind.

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 Meta Welsh Frederick, Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1899

Raymond C. Dilgard, Auburn, Ind.
 Cora Kepler-Fisher, Waterloo.
 Arthur Bonnell (deceased).
 Howard Bonnell,
 429 W. Pontiac St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Ruth Closson-Scoville (deceased).
 Nannie Gfeller-Parks, Waterloo.
 Estella Fulk-Clement, Auburn, Ind.
 Lulu Hine-Smith, Galton, Ill.
 Dana C. Sparks, South Bend, Ind.
 Madge Haskins Whitford-Hanna,
 Alberta, Canada.

Class of 1900

Earl D. Leas, Waterloo.
 Frank B. Willis,
 438 York Ave., Denver, Colo.
 Jay F. Shull, Heaton,
 423 S. G. St., Tacoma, Wash.
 Delia Kiplinger-Hine, Tuscola, Ill.
 Pearl Daniels-Fretz,
 171 W. Central Ave., Delaware, Ohio.
 Mollie Farrington-Shull, Heaton,
 423 S. G. St., Tacoma, Wash.
 Bertha Bemenderfer-Ettinger, Water-
 loo.
 Orpha Goodwin-Opdycke, Waterloo,
 Ind.

Class of 1901

Maude Skelly-Wright, Kendallville,
 Ind.
 Winfred T. Keep, Butler, Ind.
 Grace Saltsman-Meyer, Waterloo.
 Gertrude Wilhelm, Waterloo.
 Maude S. Gilbert, Waterloo.
 Myrtle Showalter, Waterloo.
 Tessa Loewenstein-Selig, Ligonier,
 Ind.
 Mabel Daniels-Waterman, Ft. Wayne,
 Ind.
 LeRoy Waterman, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Clark Williamson (deceased).

Class of 1902.

Byrde Kepler-Haverstock, Butler, Ind.
 Lurah Armstrong-Betz, Albion, Mich.
 Keturah Armstrong-DeLong, Corunna,
 Ind.
 Lena Knott-Haynes, Garrett, Ind.
 Ray Bartholomew, Laporte, Ind.
 Melvin VanVoorhees, Kendallville,
 Ind.

Vera Bemenderfer-Rufner, Indianap-
 olis.
 Pearle Wittmer, Waterloo.
 Otto Waterman,
 Round Hill, Alberta, Canada.
 Frank George, Waterloo.

Class of 1903

Ernest Kohl, Toledo, Ohio.
 Sherman Kimmell, Auburn, Ind.
 Orpha McEntarfer-Myers, Waterloo.
 Merritt Matson, Waterloo.
 Isabelle Booth-Elder,
 3144 Thompson Ave., Fort Wayne,
 Ind.

Class of 1904

Minnie Rufner-George, Waterloo.
 Hattie Saltsman-Zumbrennen,
 Garrett, Ind.
 James Almond, Wabash, Ind.
 Josephine Willis, Washington, D. C.
 Grace Braun, Waterloo.
 Edna Denison, Waterloo.

Class of 1906

Alta Clement-Fee, Waterloo.
 Cyrille Beck-Wilson, Waterloo.
 Edna Goodwin-Jackman, Waterloo.
 Lena Braun-Beecher, Salem, Ore.
 Estelle Goodwin,
 Balboa, Canal Zone, Panama.
 Owen R. Bangs, R. R., Auburn, Ind.

Class of 1907

Mildred Bowman-Grogg, Waterloo.
 Etta Wittmer-Centa, Anaconda, Mont.
 Bess Showalter-Hood, Gary, Ind.
 Nannie Bemenderfer-Boyle, Newark,
 N. J.
 Nellie Flack (deceased)
 Ethel Murray, Leesburg, Ind.
 Harry Bowman, Harvard, Ill.
 Freda Saxon, 434 Green Ave., Brook-
 lyn.

Class of 1908

Lulu Knisely (deceased).
 Maude Kennedy-Hallett, Butler, Ind.
 Edna McIntosh-Thibaut, Waterloo.
 Fearne Leas-Bloom, Waterloo.
 Ralph Getts, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Hortense Meek-Hood, Butler, Ind.

Class of 1909

Lottie Miles-Montavon, Waterloo.
 Glen Stamets, Waterloo.
 Mabel Booth, Waterloo, Ind.
 Ethel Hallett, Waterloo.



Cordice Hallett, Waterloo, Ind.
 Clarence Rempis, Gary, Ind.
 Nellie Goodwin-Danner,
 2034 Broadway, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Ruby Hartman-Hilker,
 1232 W. Jefferson St., Fort Wayne,
 Ind.

Class of 1910

Beulah Bookmiller-Bowman, Waterloo.
 Mabel Deubener, Waterloo.
 Helen Shull-Miller, Angola, Ind.
 Mildred Sinclair, Hutchinson, Kas.
 Grace Seery-Frederick, R. R., Hudson,
 Ind.
 Carl W. Strow, Auburn, Ind.
 Blanche Smith, Corunna, Ind.

Class of 1911

Paul Bowman, Waterloo.
 Harriet Seery-Hardy, South Whitley,
 Ind.
 James Hankey, 359 Irving St., Toledo,
 Ohio.
 Hilda Beck-Harpster, Waterloo.
 Edna Broughton-Swartz (deceased).
 Ralph Browns, A. E. F.
 Helen Stanley, Waterloo, Ind.
 Nellie Bartholomew-Howey, Waterloo,
 Ind.
 Martha Goodwin-Jensen, Big Piney,
 Wyo.

Class of 1912

Russel Matson, Warren, Ind.
 James Matson (deceased).
 Lewis H. Fretz, A. E. F.
 Charles Thomas, Corunna, Ind.
 Fred Bowman, Goshen, Ind.
 Glen Overmyer, Toledo, Ohio.
 Clifton Crooks, Waterloo.

Class of 1913

Ralph R. Reinhart, Corunna, Ind.
 Harley N. Rohm, A. E. F.
 Harry A. Rowe, Corunna, Ind.
 Mildred E. Huffman, Waterloo.
 Bernice M. Overmyer-Bowman, Goshen
 Ind.
 Madge E. Rose-Wehr, Red Oak, Ia.
 Cleo M. Burns, Auburn, Ind.
 Harry Girardot, Waterloo, Ind.
 Martha McEntarfer-Bookmiller, Water-
 loo.
 Vera Crooks-Lautzenheiser,
 Auburn, Ind.
 Virgil A. Treesh, Auburn, Ind.
 Ralph T. Fickes,

309 S. Dwight St., Jackson, Mich.
 Troden Bookmiller, Waterloo.
 Ruby Booth-Sessler, Waterloo, Ind.
 Audrey Vogtman-Willennar, Avilla.
 Edward W. Hankey, A. E. F.
 Lester L. Rempis, Waterloo.
 Hilda Sewell, Waterloo.
 Bernice Becker-Harmes, Whiting, Ind.
 Russel Wittmer, Waterloo, Ind.
 Olga Fisk Fickes,
 309 Dwight St., Jackson, Mich.
 William C. Day, Waterloo.
 Maude M. Luttmann, Hudson, Ind.
 Hazel M. Daniels, Waterloo.
 Glen R. Myers, Kendallville.
 Dora McCullough Stonebraker,
 Corunna, Ind.
 Clifford Hawk,
 537 W. Lexington Ave., Elkhart, Ind.
 Janet M. Beard-Brown,
 South Bend, Ind.
 Gould Stanley, A. E. F.
 Pauline Hankey,
 2124 E. Norwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
 Lester A. Dull, R. R. 6, Corunna, Ind.

Class of 1915

Virgil Johnson, Waterloo, Ind.
 Ethel Girardot-Cattell, Avilla, Ind.
 Mabel Kiser, Bloomington, Ind.
 Louise Willis, Waterloo.
 Maude Zonker, Corunna, Ind.
 Marie Brown, Auburn, Ind.
 Elmer Fretz, A. E. F.
 Edythe Widdicombe-Bowman,
 Akron, Ohio.
 Vera Dilgard-Eddy, R. 3. 3, Waterloo.
 Helen Goodwin, Waterloo.
 Carroll Gushwa, Corunna, Ind.
 Ruth Waterman, Hamilton, Ind.
 Lotta McGiffin-Conrad, Corunna, Ind.
 Mabel Bevier, Waterloo.

Class of 1916

Hazel Flynn-Bevier, Bryan, Ohio.
 Edna Blanchard, Waterloo.
 Loa Wines, Waterloo.
 Roy Rohm, Waterloo.
 Lynn Crooks,
 Martha Wines, Waterloo.
 Faye Miser, Corunna, Ind.
 Carl Getts, Corunna, Ind.
 Florence Strow-Hawk, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Fred Eberly, Waterloo.
 Gladys Beard-Batdorf, Auburn, Ind.
 Arthur Smith, Elkhart, Ind.
 Myrtle Wilttrout, Corunna, Ind.
 Libbie Buchanan, Corunna, Ind.

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Estelle Wiltrout, A. E. F.
Joe Bowman, Akron, Ohio.
Nella Becker-Voughman, Corunna, Ind.
Ioa Zonker-Reed, Butler, Ind.
Lynn Imhoff, Waterloo.
Russell Strow, Waterloo, Ind.
LeRoy Campbell, Butler, Ind.
Nina Whaley-Hurd, Blakesly, Ohio.

Class of 1917

Harold Fretz, A. E. F.
William Smith, Corunna, Ind.
Mary McIntosh, Waterloo.
Florence Schuster, Auburn, Ind.
Alice Ridge, Butler, Ind.
Vera Nodine, Waterloo.
Mary Nodine, Waterloo.
Daisy Brown-Swigert, Ashley, Ind.
Frances Baxter, Waterloo.
Faye Till, Waterloo.
Charles Till, Auburn, Ind.

Joe Kirkpatrick, Corunna, Ind.
Waldo Bowman, Waterloo.
Charles Colby, Auburn, Ind.
Thelma Eberly-Durst, Waterloo.
Ethel Baker, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Willo Hinman, Waterloo.
Lula Kennedy-Schuster,
Jean Grimm, Waterloo.
Clarence Bowers, Waterloo.
Dorothea Brown, Auburn, Ind.
Howard Dilgard, A. E. F.
Wilbur Bowman, Waterloo.

Class of 1918

Frank Forest, R. R. No. 3, Waterloo.
Wilma Thomas, Corunna.
Helen Manroe, Corunna.
Hazel Edwards-Gerner, Defiance, O.
Darrel Smith, Butler, Ind.
Lynn Arthur, Waterloo.
Lydia Wines, R. R. No. 2, Waterloo.
Jack Moore, Waterloo.
Lester Lowman, Waterloo.
Joe Miser, Corunna.

(Note:—The above addresses are correct as nearly as could be determined.)



A DI EU







